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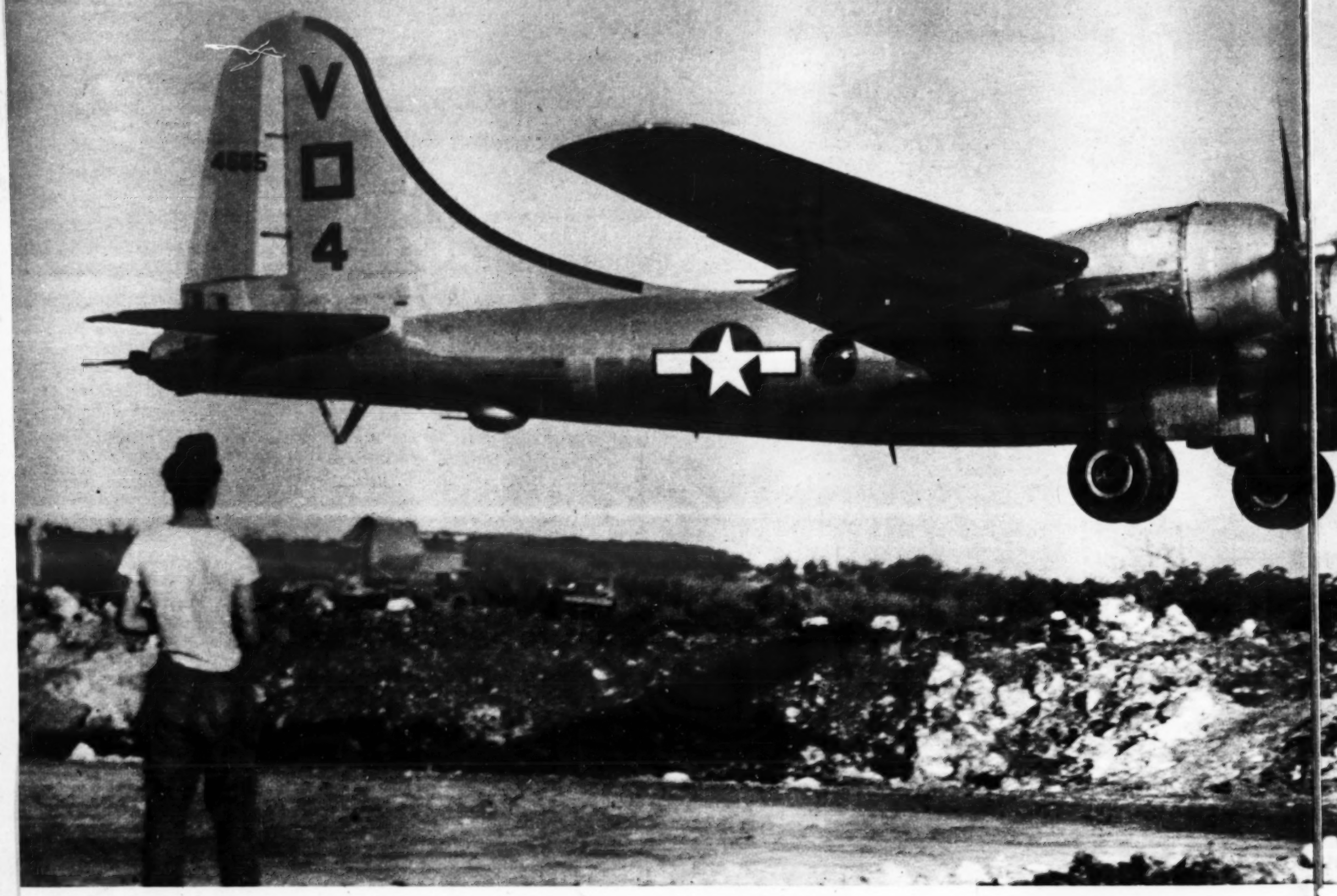
By the men . . . for the men in the service

SUPERFORT GUNNER

Two GIs Tell How Their B-29s Bombed Tokyo

PAGES 2, 3 & 4

TOKYO-BOUND B-29, LOADED WITH BAD NEWS FOR JAPANESE INDUSTRY, TAKES OFF FROM SAIPAN.



Two GIs tell how B-29s bombed the Imperial capital, beginning a concentrated campaign to soften up the industry of Japan and pave the way for invasion.

By Sgt. BILL REED
YANK Staff Correspondent

A B-29 BASE, SAIPAN — With dozens of other Saipan-based Superfortresses, we visited Tokyo in the first B-29 raid ever made against the Japanese capital and the first strike since Jimmy Doolittle led his carrier-based B-25s there more than 2½ years ago. Our mission, aimed principally at the Nakajima aircraft plant, was the first in what will be a continuing campaign to destroy Japan's industrial production.

The flight of our Superfortress, the *Sureshot*, was SOP from beginning to end. As we rolled past Capt. Clement J. (Doc) Maloney of Los Angeles, Calif., the flight surgeon, and turned into the wind before taking off, he yelled out: "See you tonight." Since he put it that way, we believed him. A half-dozen engineers, some of those who had spent months building the strips, waved as we sped down their runway.

Soon after the take-off, the plane's commander, Maj. Walter F. Todd of Ogden, Utah, yelled a challenge to the flight engineer, 2d Lt. Milan P. Kissinger of Elkhart Lake, Wis. "Kiss," he shouted, "I'll give you a dollar for every gallon over a thousand we land with." "That's pretty safe for you," Kissinger answered, but he broke out his slide rule and charts to try to win the bet.

We hadn't been out an hour before the lead ship signaled *Sureshot* to take over, making us lead ship in the second task force. "We should get a crack at the target before anyone else in our outfit," said Maj. Crocker Snow of Boston, Mass., an operations officer who was subbing as co-pilot for 1st Lt. Calvin B. Miller of El Dorado, Kans., busy on another assignment in the ship.

1st Lt. "Deecee" Decesare of Providence, R. I., the navigator, looked like a college student cramming for final exams. His desk was littered with maps, rulers and compasses, and scattered about was a small library of books on flight navigation.

The gunners' compartment during the early part of the trip had none of the activity of the flight deck. Sgt. Howard Vincent of Denver, Colo., and Sgt. Vincent Caponero of White Plains, N. Y., calmly smoked and chewed gum, while Sgt. Lee R. McCurry of Cliffside, N. C., radio specialist, bent studiously over his instruments. To him a B-29 trip was just another 12 or 13 hours spent in a small, windowless room.

After we had traveled at about 500 feet for several hours, Maj. Todd decided it was time to "pressurize" the ship and climb above the clouds. He crawled back to shoot the breeze with crew members and shook hands all around. "I'll be seeing you," he said as he returned to his office. Decesare shot a flare from his Very pistol as a signal for the formation to begin climbing. Orders were passed around to get into flak suits, helmets and oxygen masks. Vincent, fully equipped and wearing a Mae West, looked like a lanky penguin.

Lt. Kissinger gave the "no smoking" signal and began to transfer fuel from one tank to another so the plane would keep perfectly balanced. *Sureshot* vibrated slightly and shell cases rattled to the bottom of the turret as gunners tested their weapons. Leaving his post to crawl down to the bomb bay, 2d Lt. Roman C. (Pooch) Pucinski of Chicago, Ill., the bombardier, pulled inch-long safety cotterpins from the bombs. "As long as these are in place," he said, "the bombs won't go off. I never remove them until we're pretty sure we'll hit pay dirt. We're sure this morning."

Pilot, bombardier and engineer debated the minimum time necessary to keep the bomb bays open; it was no idle chatter, for open bays slow a plane and make it necessary to use extra gas.

The gunners talked of good-luck charms. Vincent had a picture of his wife Charlotte tucked between the covers of his gunner's check list, and another man exhibited a pair of baby booties. Caponero patted his flak suit: "This is luck enough for me."

While we were still under the clouds, we hit frequent rain squalls, and after each one a rainbow appeared up in front of us. We reached our highest altitude shortly after approaching Japan.

Symmetrical Mount Fujiyama, famed in Japanese folklore, played an important part in the mission: it was our IP (initial point), visible above the clouds long before any other part of the island. Twenty minutes later, Japan itself slid into view, yellowish brown and looking wrinkled and parched from our altitude. The terrain seemed to be mountainous rock, with a few roads and streams furrowing the foothills.

Cpl. Norval G. (Nibs) Oliver of Portland,

Visit to TOKYO

Oreg., the radio operator, had picked up a musical program from a Tokyo station. As we hit Honshu, the program was suddenly interrupted by a series of excited announcements followed by a signal repeated many times.

Just as *Sureshot* turned at Fujiyama, a Jap fighter appeared and flew directly at our nose until it was almost within range of the bombardier's guns, then zigzagged out of the way.

After we passed over Fujiyama and turned right toward Tokyo, the hills gave way to rice paddies and small villages. Ahead of us, the first formation of six Superfortresses reached the target, dropping their bombs just three minutes before we did. Now we were over Tokyo itself with its clustered buildings. The other planes in our formation closed tightly around us as we approached the Imperial City's factory section. Their bombardiers' eyes were fixed on *Sureshot*; when we dropped our load, the others would, too.

His feet astride braces in his compartment, Lt. Pucinski strained to discover an opening in the clouds below. If it didn't come soon, he would be forced to drop his bombs blindly. Suddenly there was a break, revealing a cluster of buildings in south Tokyo's industrial area.

"Bombs away," Pucinski shouted, and our bomb load whistled toward the target. It took only about 45 seconds for the bombs to reach the ground, but that was long enough for clouds to obscure the view. A minute later, when we could see Tokyo once more, there were three neat columns of smoke and a large fire.

By this time fighters were on our tail. A group of four tried to climb up to us but we lost them in a cloud. Two pairs of fighters got a little higher but not high enough, and several single planes made feeble, fluttering attempts to intercept us. But except for one that frisked just beyond range of the tail gunner, Pvt. Louis Syniec of Rome, N. Y., none gained enough altitude to meet us at our own level. Nor did they come close enough to make good target practice.

Bursts of flak spouted at us regularly through the feathery, shifting clouds that often concealed the city, but most of the bursts were west of our formation. As we left the city and skirted Tokyo Bay, visibility was perfect and we could clearly see the buildings down below. Not far to our left was the moat-enclosed Imperial Palace and on its right the Yasakuni Shrine, where men who die for the Emperor gain immortality in the eyes of his subjects. But we weren't too interested in the Emperor or his immortal sons; we had dropped our bombs and wanted to get back home.

We made Saipan with 1,400 gallons of gas still in the tanks—enough to win a nice little nest egg for Lt. Kissinger.

Lynn Delivers Her Child

By Cpl. KNOX BURGER
YANK Field Correspondent

SAIPAN—It was early morning and getting light fast. The crew made conversation as we stood around the *Lucky Lynn*, the B-29 that was to take us to Tokyo. Our pilot, Capt. Leonard Cox of Tulsa, Okla., recalled that the Japs had executed airmen for "bombing civilians" after the Doolittle raid on Tokyo in 1942.

"Can't we tell them we're sorry?" asked S/Sgt. Frank Crane, a little plaintively. Crane, a gunner, is from Oshkosh, Wis. He's the one Catholic on the crew and he carries a rosary.

"Better check us out on those beads, Frank," someone said as we climbed into the plane. We had heard so many conflicting reports about Tokyo's strength that no one knew what to expect.

Shortly afterward, we started to taxi out to the runway. Ours was the first squadron to take off. The *Lynn* was carrying a lot of weight and for 10 seconds or so it was hard to tell whether we were off the ground or not.

A gang of engineers just beyond the end of the runway looked up as we went over. I don't know just how far above them we were, but I noticed their knees were bent a little as they waved and they looked ready to dive into a nearby ditch.

Then the land dropped away and we were over coral shoals, flying 50 feet above water. Capt. Cox, who holds the DSC and the DFC for services rendered with the Eighth Air Force in 1942 and 1943, expressed relief at getting airborne.

"Habba habba habba," he said happily to no one in particular. "Chop chop chop chop-chop." It was the only nonsense he permitted himself; for the rest of the flight he was all business.

I crawled back to where the three waist gunners were sitting. Crane was watching the other

Map points the shortest route, as the crew flies—or as the B-29 flies—from Saipan base to Tokyo.

ships in the formation. S/Sgt. George Wright of Tyler, Tex., held up "Crime and Punishment." "This is a hell of a thing to be reading on the way to Tokyo," he said. Wright is part Indian and used to be a tankman. Sgt. Larry Beecroft, who is 28 and looks like an *Esquire* undergraduate, was reading Steinbeck's "Pastures of Heaven." Someone brought a box of food back to the waist. Crane and Beecroft bitched because all the turkey sandwiches had been eaten.

Back in the tail, Sgt. Bill Stovall, a Regular Army GI from San Francisco, Calif., test-fired his guns. His 20-mm jammed, and when he came forward to get a screwdriver I went back to his position. The tail gunner on a B-29 has to be able to keep himself happy or else he'll go nuts. It's like being alone in a small box for maybe 15 hours at a clip. There was a harmonica back there, a girl's picture and a pair of panties.

Time passed. By 1030 hours we had started chain smoking back in the waist. An hour later the captain told us to put on our flak suits. In a few minutes the interphone crackled again. "Navigator to all gunners. We've sighted Japan."

Far ahead, jutting out of the clouds, was a beautiful snow-covered mountain. We recognized it from the pictures on captured postage stamps and currency—Fujiyama. There was an excited interphone exchange as we approached the IP.

"If this stuff gets thicker, we may have to drop the bombs blind."

"Open the cowl flaps." The ship shuddered and slowed down a little.

"Hansen, keep your eyes straight ahead." Lt. Al Hansen of Missouri Valley, Iowa, is the *Lynn's* bombardier.

"Better not point the guns that way. They'll ice up." We were more than five miles high.

"Boy, that's rugged country down there." And it was. We were passing over a mass of steep, coppery mountains. Rivers and roads wound through the ravines.

"You should be able to see a town underneath us now, Hansen," said the navigator, Lt. Jack Ehrenberg of Passaic, N. J., who had been in England with Capt. Cox.

"Flak at 8 o'clock, low." A cindery, innocent-looking puff, thousands of feet below us.

"Fighter, at 3, low." The Zero looked small.

The target was hazy, but free of clouds as we went in for the run. There were a few flak-bursts, level, but far away at 3 o'clock.

Then, up ahead, we saw two sticks of bombs fall ladder-like from the lead plane, *Dauntless Dottie*, piloted by Maj. Robert K. Morgan, who flew the famous *Memphis Belle* over Europe.

Almost simultaneously, Lt. Hansen's casual Mid-Western voice said: "Bombs away." The *Lynn* had delivered her child. Lifting a little, she seemed to gain speed. The first planes to bomb Tokyo since Doolittle were on their way home.

Our wing ship, the *Little Gem*, began to edge over closer to us. A line of flak bursts, which had been walking up on her from behind, passed harmlessly to one side. The almost-nude woman painted on her fuselage blushed in the noon sun.

Far below us, two fighters circled for altitude. At that distance the fighters and flak looked as though they were fighting somebody else's war. A few minutes later the Zeros were sitting up there, waiting for the next squadron. As we pulled away, we passed over fighter fields from which tiny planes were taking off.

Special Delivery, one of the first B-29s to reach Saipan. The ground crew relaxes in the shade of the wing.

Then came the well-ordered, drab-looking Tokyo business district. The tail gunner described the columns of smoke rising from the target area. There was a leak on the interphone, and we could hear, very faintly, one voice after another saying, "Bombs away," as the ships behind us went over the target.

The radio operator, Sgt. Mel Griffith of St. Louis, Mo., picked up a message from another ship whose crew could see a B-29 going down. Stovall stopped talking. Interphones were silent.

Then, unaccountably we heard swing music. It sounded very far away and after a while an American announcer's practiced voice came in. It was Thanksgiving back home and the announcer was saying something about giving thanks.

Building the Base

SAIPAN—It was the flyers who took their B-29s over Tokyo, but they could never have done the job without the aviation engineers. Within five months of their D-plus-five landing on Saipan, the engineers transformed the Japanese Aslito airfield into a great base capable of accommodating the heavy Superfortresses.

They filled craters, cleared canefields, ran dozers, moved four million cubic yards of rock and coral, and performed countless other unglamorous jobs. For two weeks they were harassed by snipers and air raids. Once they were under bombardment from nearby Tinian.

"That bombardment gave me the worst scare I ever had," said Sgt. James F. Breahers of Sallisaw, Okla., who built airstrips in the Gilberts and Marshalls before he came to Saipan. "The all-clear had just sounded after an air raid, and we were changing shifts at about 2300 hours, with all the lights on the field turned on. Just as I was climbing on my bulldozer to start the night's work, the bombardment began. It didn't take me two seconds to climb down and start digging."

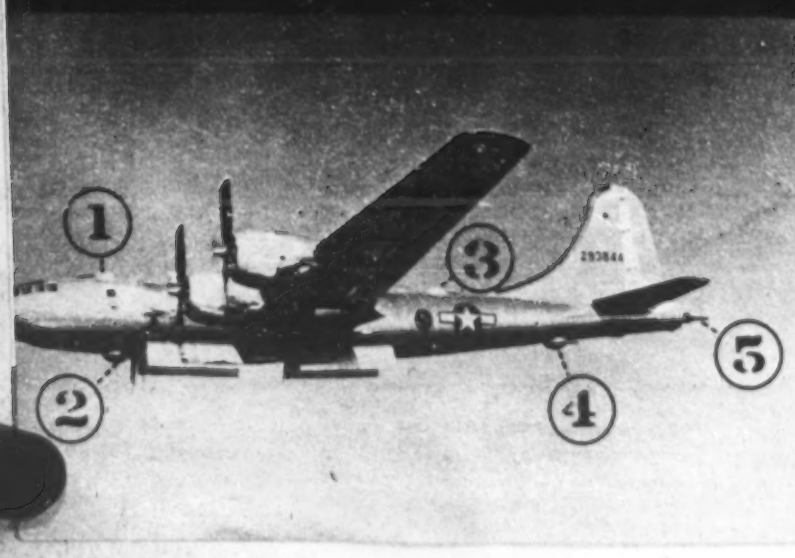
It was also in those early days that 1st Lt. Henry E. McCoy of Sisterville, W. Va., used his jeep to kill a Jap sniper. McCoy spotted two snipers running from a burning American plane but his carbine jammed. He gave chase in his jeep and knocked down one of the Japs, who got up and ran in another direction. McCoy whirled the jeep around, hit the sniper again and killed him.

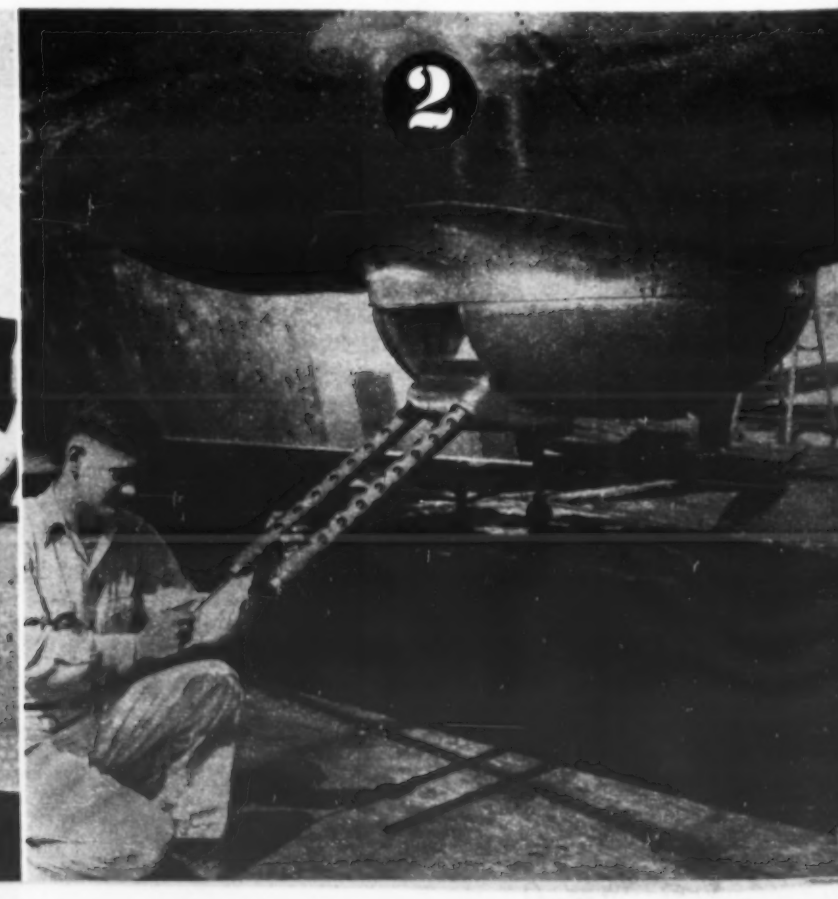
One night a Jap air raid set fire to thousands of gallons of Jap aviation gasoline captured with the strip. Cpl. Loren I. Low, a Chinese-American soldier from Portland, Oreg., and Sgt. Andrew Hughes of Hartford, Conn., jumped on two 20-ton bulldozers, dropped their blades and buried the flaming drums with earth and coral. Low and Hughes won Silver Stars.

After the first two weeks, the working day was changed from two 12-hour to three 8-hour shifts, "the first time we had such an easy work sched-

THE B-29's SUPER FIREPOWER

The five multiple-gun turrets (shown at right) of the B-29 can be electrically aimed and controlled from one point, as in a warship. Turret No. 1 mounts four .50-caliber MGs. Turret No. 5 mounts two .50-caliber MGs and a 20-mm cannon. The three other turrets are armed with two .50-caliber MGs each.





Aviation engineers ripped out four million cubic yards of coral and rock to build this B-29 base on Saipan

ule in a combat zone," according to Sgt. William F. Youngblood of Carthage, Tex.

But if the work schedule was easier, the work was harder. "We never had to handle coral much before," said Sgt. Leonard R. Salmons of Crum, W. Va. "We had to put a coral base in by layers between one and three feet deep. It's the only way you can make a base solid enough for B-29s."

Several large coral quarries were developed about five miles from the field, and a "haul road" —a three-lane, black-topped highway connecting them with the base—was laid out in three days.

"Nobody—not even a general—could travel that road unless he was hauling coral," said S/Sgt. John E. Baldore of Connellsville, Pa. "Our trucks were on it night and day. It cut travel time from five hours to 15 minutes."

But the coral raised hell with the equipment. "It ruined our tires faster than we could fix them," said S/Sgt. Frank M. McLean of Medford, Mass., who is in charge of equipment maintenance. "It broke the blades on our dozers and we couldn't get any spare parts."

THE first B-29, piloted by Brig. Gen. Haywood S. Hansell Jr. of San Antonio, Tex., arrived a few days early. It came skimming in across the new airstrip and made a perfect landing.

The next day was a holiday for the engineers, the first since they'd landed on Saipan. There were fresh vegetables and turkey for chow, and three bottles of beer per man. Tokyo Rose, on the Jap radio, said the Imperial Air Force was waiting until all the B-29s had arrived before wiping them out.

Since the engineers couldn't be spared from the airfield to build living quarters, the service groups and crews had to do the job themselves. The COs of the first two service groups that arrived were Col. Lyman P. Phillips of Dixon, Calif., who looks and acts very much like Wallace Beery, and Col. Horace W. Shelmire of Wayne, Pa., who sports a dapper mustache waxed at the ends and carries a rugged-looking pistol in a shoulder holster.

"For the first month or two you couldn't tell the officers from the men," Col. Phillips said. "If a man knew how to use a hammer or a saw, he went to work and used it. If he didn't, he used a shovel, regardless of what kind of brass he had on his collar. There was too much work to do for anybody to wear a shirt, anyhow."

While service crews built living quarters, more B-29s arrived. They came in groups of fours and fives from San Francisco via the Hawaiian and Marshall Islands to Saipan, and Tokyo Rose talked cheerfully about the promised visit of the Jap air force. She gave the Americans three weeks to evacuate Saipan and escape destruction.

Several nights after the "deadline," nine Jap planes arrived. Three were shot down by ack-ack and the others were driven away, jettisoning their bombs in the sea. Four men were killed when a flaming plane plunged into their tent, and a few C-54s were strafed. Next day Radio Tokyo reported that the entire garrison force had been annihilated and the airfield left in flames.

Single Jap planes that attempted follow-up raids were shot down or driven away. The ack-ack crews were disappointed. The sergeant in charge of one crew had been waiting for three years to get a shot at the Japs.

"We've been nursing these babies for a long while," he said. "We almost got a crack at Betty the other night. Two alerts sounded, and on the second we were told that one friendly and one unfriendly plane were coming our way. A few minutes later we heard the roar of a plane's motor about 300 yards to the south, but the sky was so cloudy we couldn't see anything at first. Then we saw a plane blinking its lights. We didn't know whether the damn thing was a Jap or not, so we couldn't fire. We found out later that the plane had dropped flares on the beach, but the ack-ack fire from a gun on another part of the island forced him to jettison his load."

As soon as the Superfortresses arrived, the ground crews went to work on them. A favorite expression among the pilots is: "Every time you land a B-29, she needs a maintenance job, so when you get her in the air, keep her there."

Among the first ground crews to reach Saipan was the one belonging to *Special Delivery*. Boss of the crew is M/Sgt. William Ray of Mebane, N. C. Before Pearl Harbor, Ray flew as a navigator off the coast of Newfoundland in the first American antisubmarine patrol group. Later he was grounded because of his eyes and served as ground-crew chief for a group in Britain and Africa. In December 1943 he returned to the States and later was assigned to the B-29s.

Like most ground-crew chiefs, Ray thinks his ship is the best in the business. "I haven't had any trouble at all with *Special Delivery*," he said. "She'll go anywhere they want to take her and she'll come back, too, as far as her engines are concerned. All *Special Delivery* needs is a little taking-care-of, and my boys'll see that she gets plenty of that."

Soon after the B-29s arrived at Saipan, practice missions were flown over Truk, and then came the first flight over Tokyo itself—not a bombing but a photo reconnaissance. This was an essential preliminary, repeated several times, to the high-altitude precision-bombing campaign planned for the Superfortresses.

When the crew of the *Tokyo Rose*, the B-29 that did the pioneer photo-recon work, was decorated one night, just before the first bombing, S/Sgt. William F. Walthousen of Amsterdam, N. Y., eyed them a little enviously. "They ought to give the engineers credit for letting them take off," he said. Walthousen, in charge of a platoon of construction workers, spoke for all the GIs who had worked on undramatic but important jobs. He spoke for the men who had laid the groundwork on Saipan so that the B-29s could ruin the groundwork in Tokyo.

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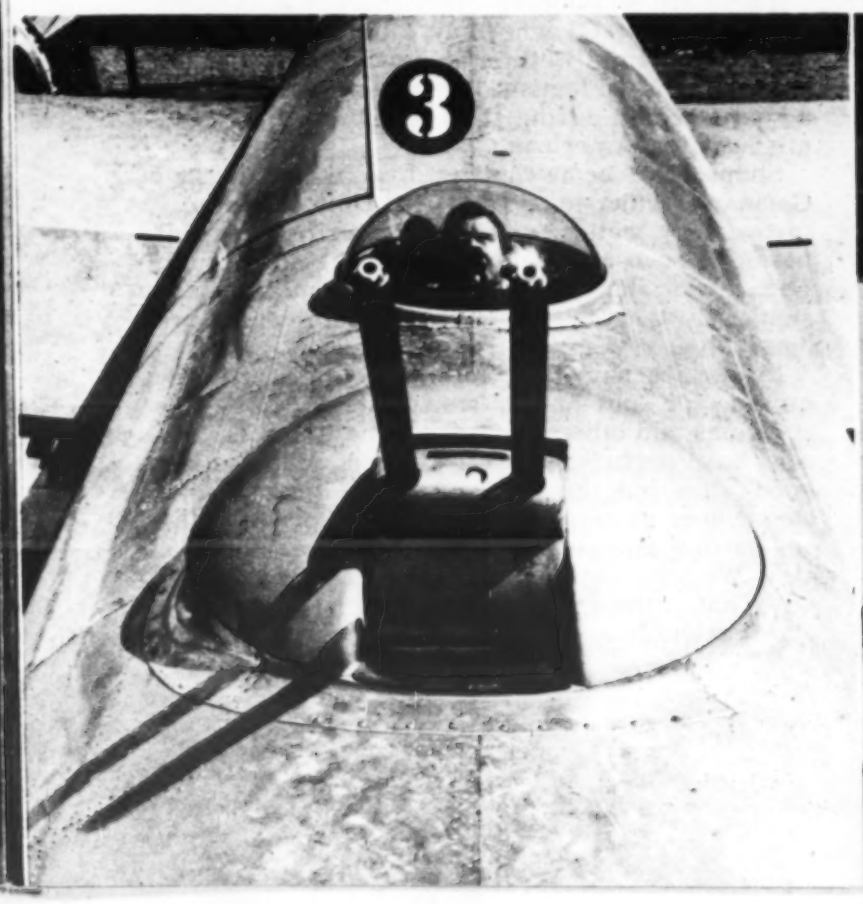
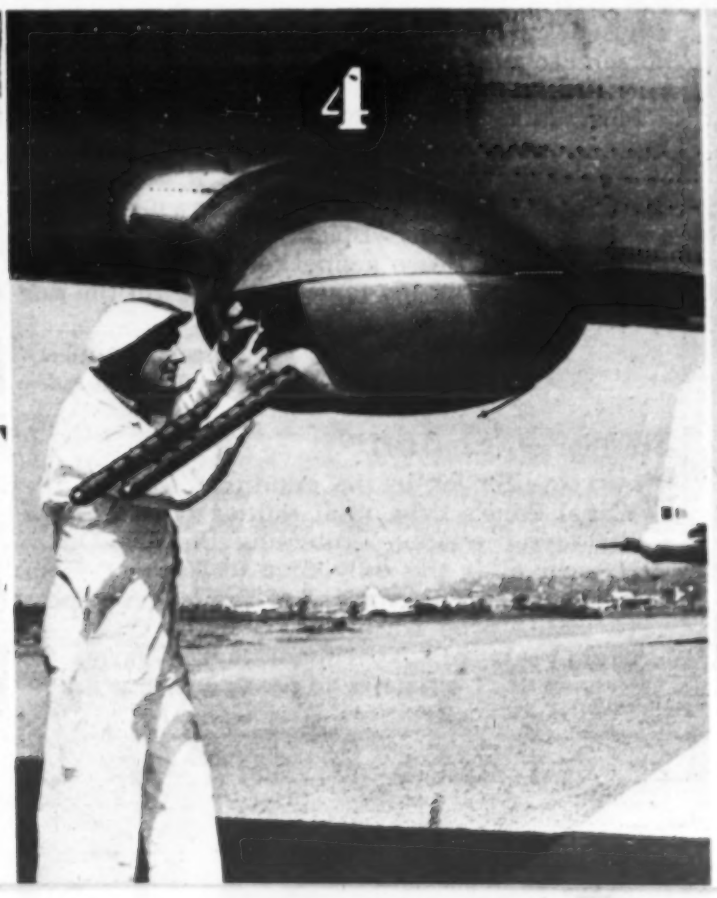




Yanks at Home Abroad

War Without Slogans

PACIFIC FLEET HEADQUARTERS—Although the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea was one of America's major naval victories, it failed to produce a slogan such as the immortal "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead" or "Don't give up the ship." The Navy men who took part in this battle were masters of understatement.

Ens. Jess L. Curtright is a good example. His Wildcat fighter was downed by ack-ack as he strafed a Jap cruiser. Curtright made a water landing among the Jap warships and was a one-man target for a Jap destroyer's guns until the enemy force—four battlewagons, eight heavy cruisers and 10 destroyers—passed out of range. Shortly afterward, a two-motored Jap plane made four strafing runs on him. The 22-year-old Tacoma (Wash.) flyer dived "so deep my ears hurt" as bullets hit the water around him.

"Then," Curtright said, "the Jap broke off the encounter."

The Jap force that sailed past Curtright continued south and engaged a group of American escort carriers, never intended to meet capital ships in surface battles. The baby flat-tops launched planes against their attackers and fled, but the speedier and more powerful Jap force pursued them. Great geysers of water erupted around the flat-tops as the Japs closed in for the kill, their 8- and 16-inch guns blazing.

"Won't be long now," drawled a gunner's mate aboard one of the out-gunned carriers. "We're sucking them in to 40-mm range."

Determined aerial attacks by the escort carriers' planes forced the Japs to turn and run.

"Dammit," said a signalman as the Japs steamed north, "they got away from us."

Rear Adm. Thomas L. Sprague, commander of the escort carriers, has a message for Adm. William F. Halsey Jr. next time they meet. Adm. Halsey, who took his warships north to engage a Jap carrier group, lured out the Jap force that attacked Adm. Sprague's baby flat-tops and then found himself too far away to give Sprague immediate support.

"I'm going to tell Halsey," Adm. Sprague said, "that when he picks a fight that way, he ought to come on outside the saloon door and give me a hand."

—Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Reading clockwise, it's T-5 Hosea Crawford, Pfc. Robert Hines, Cpl. Emmett Barnhart and T-5 Fred Williams giving out with some four-part harmony.

Hebrides Harmony

NEW HEBRIDES—They're corny in one respect. That's because each program is supposed to be a radio broadcast and an old corn can serves as the microphone. But the Harmony Four knows the business of singing Negro spirituals.

The quartet is composed of Cpl. Emmett K. Barnhart of Atlanta, Ga.; T-5s Fred Williams of New York City and Hosea Crawford of Logan, W. Va., and Pfc. Robert Heinz of Alexandria, Va., members of a QM trucking outfit.

They met back at Camp Rucker, Ala., more than 2½ years ago and did a little "barracks singing." They stuck together in Kansas and California, and their singing improved constantly. In their 19 months here, they've been in demand at rec halls and chapels on the island.

Now they've even started writing their own spirituals. Some of them have appropriate titles, considering that they were written on this rainy, forlorn island—titles like "It Keeps on Raining" and "Oh, Lord, Come and See About Me."

"We hope to stick together after the war," said Barnhart, "and make us some money on the radio."

—Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Front-Line Edisons

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—When it comes to making something take the place of something else—and in Italy that is often—men of the 34th (Red Ball) Division are experts.

Pfc. Michael Kochis, an infantryman, was faced with the problem of throwing a communications line across a swollen mountain stream. The stream was too wide for Kochis to peg the wire across by handpower. Kochis tied the wire to a rifle grenade, fixed the grenade pin so it would not explode and shot it across the stream.

Cpl. Harold Winkleman of an artillery outfit had to do message-center work in a farmhouse ripped by shellfire. Winkleman could stand the rain dripping through on him only so long. Now he has festooned the message-center ceiling with shelter halves. It looks like an Arabian Nights dive, but it's dry.

Another artilleryman, S/Sgt. Vernon McKnight, used ordinary white paper tags to identify his battalion telephone wires. Then the rains came and the tags fell to pieces. Unflurried, McKnight now tags his wires with metal cut-outs from old coffee tins and the rain does no harm.

Pfc. Alfred Seay worked with his father on a New Mexico ranch and never dreamed of using his harness-stitching abilities in the Army. Now in his spare time he makes watch bands, repairs shoe tops and turns out wallets with a selection of home-made awls and thread waxed with beeswax from Italian hives.

Sleeping bags are always a happy luxury, but Cpl. Alois Schreck has improved the original issue. Schreck's special bag has legs cut in the bottom and slits for arm holes. When he gets a night call to work his telephone switchboard, he does it from his bed.

The prize conversion, however, is that of Pvt. George F. Curth. Curth had no thought of becoming a doctor of any kind, but on the Fifth Army front he found himself acting as a midwife. When an Italian peasant woman was delivered of a baby near the battlefield, Curth helped officiate. His fee, happily contributed by the proud father of a boy, was a slug of seven-year-old whisky.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Chowhound

DULAG, LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES — Back in the States, the 23 war dogs of the 96th Infantry Division enjoyed a special diet of two pounds of horsemeat and dried meal a day, but in combat they had to share their masters' C rations.

Most of the dogs took what was left—usually the meat and vegetable hash—and got fat and slick on it. But T-5 Andrew E. Chamley of San Bruno, Calif., had a dog with a mind of his own—Blackie, a Labrador retriever. Blackie held out for meat and beans, and, like a henpecked husband, Chamley had to give up his favorite rations to the dog and scrounge elsewhere for himself.

—Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Secret Weapon

PANAMA—Smack in the middle of some of the Canal Zone's most vital military installations is the secret weapon protecting the Big Ditch. That weapon is the only four-leaf clover farm in the world. Planes fly so low the leaves almost wave in the prop wash.

After years of experimentation, Charles T. Daniels—a U. S. citizen who has spent 26 years in the Canal Zone as a telephone engineer for the Government — developed the four-leaf clover plant into a $25,000-a-year commercial venture.

A dozen Panamanian girls pick, sort and press 75,000 clovers a week. The good-luck charms are shipped to an agent in New York and eventually turn up in calendars, greeting cards and doodads.

Thousands of Allied fighting men carry Panama-grown clovers, and Daniels has received many letters telling about narrow escapes attributed to the lucky leaves. And Daniels says that not one of the ships carrying his four-leaf clover shipments to Britain during the Battle of the Atlantic was sunk on the way over.

—Cpl. RICHARD DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Correspondent

RECOGNITION. When Wac Pvt. Lois Maughans saw a recent YANK, she looked twice at the cover. Sure enough, it was a picture of her husband trying on a coat in France. Here Lois imitates hubby's pose.

Tourist's Heaven

OSTENDE, BELGIUM—Neither bombs nor military occupation deter the natives of this Belgian city from hopeful pursuit of their prewar livelihood—the tourist business.

Before the Germans reserved the tourist concession for themselves by sweeping down from Holland in 1940, Ostende was Continental terminus for several steamer lines from England. American travelers also favored it, for they could fan out from its gates over Belgium and Holland. Travel-agency buildings of ultra-modern architecture lined the quay.

Today Ostende is open for business again, and its shopkeepers don't care whether customers are dressed in civvies or ODs. Their counters are jammed with tourist gadgets—cheap handkerchiefs, paperweights, paper knives, flimsy vases, statues, synthetic-leather wallets — all stamped "Souvenir of Ostende."

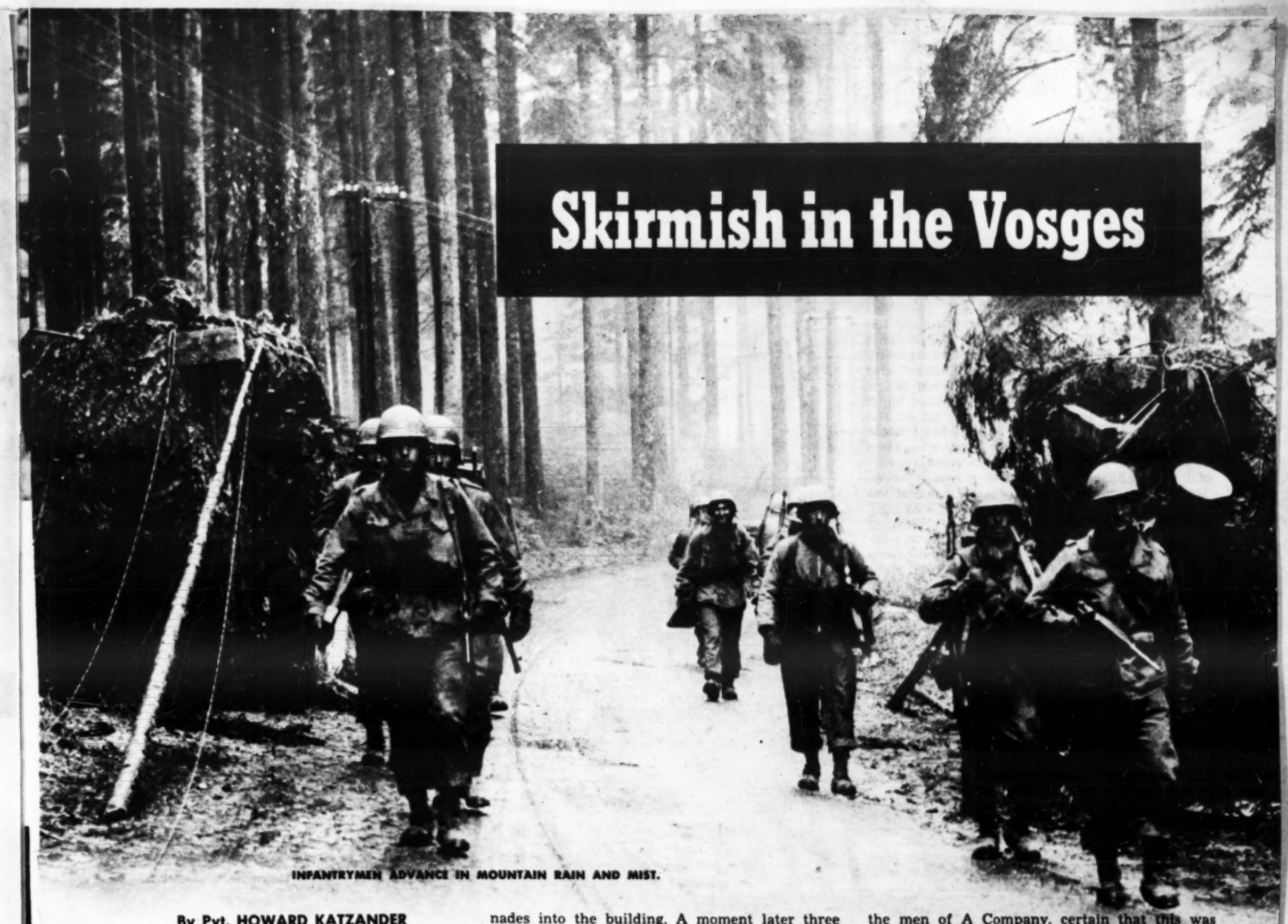
There are no language difficulties to bother the rare front-line GI who may filter back here for some shopping. Before the war, shopkeepers spoke English, Flemish, French and Dutch. They added German during the occupation. Now they are learning American.

Shops have been converted from the days of German traffic to deal with United Nations' tastes. Tiny metal American and British flags sit beside French and Belgian ensigns. Scarves with U. S. Army, RAF and other Allied military insignia clutter the windows. Bookstores feature biographies of Churchill and Roosevelt.

Prices are sky-high, but no coupons are required for out-of-this-world items like silk stockings and other smart feminine luxuries. You can buy perfumes, lipsticks and real leather goods, too, but they are expensive. One woman shopkeeper gave her reason for high prices without batting an eyelash: "Of course everything is high. We have nothing but black-market goods to sell. That is the way it is." And she shrugged her plump shoulders, muscular from making change.

—TOM BERNARD Sp(X)1c
YANK Staff Correspondent

Skirmish in the Vosges



INFANTRYMEN ADVANCE IN MOUNTAIN RAIN AND MIST.

By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE U. S. SEVENTH ARMY IN SOUTHERN FRANCE—In a forest on the tilted floor of the Vosges Mountains, veterans of the Seventh Army were engaged in a ghostlike warfare in which they often could not see the enemy and the enemy could not see them.

On damp autumn mornings, in the mists and rains that veil these hills, enemy squads sometimes passed within a few yards of each other, each effectively hidden from the other's sight.

On the edge of the forest of Fossard, the 1st Battalion of a regiment of the 36th Division had been furnishing security for two other battalions. In the pre-dawn hours of a rainy Monday morning, A Company was ordered to leave its position in the shelter of the forest and go forward to protect two OPs threatened by German troops in the nearby village of St. Ame.

The company, commanded by Lt. Martin Higgins of Jersey City, N. J., advanced toward the village, cut across a road and halted in the darkness amid the lumber piles on the outskirts of the town. The sound of their feet was stilled, but now on the road they had just crossed they heard the noise of hobnailed boots.

Lt. Higgins called "Halt." There was no reply. He called again. Silence. Then he fired a grenade toward the footfalls, by then a scant 50 yards away. There was the sound of running feet, then silence. Higgins dispersed his men and chose machine-gun positions, and the company settled back to await daylight.

In the first light of dawn the men could see the buildings and sheds of a lumber yard and some scattered houses that marked the beginning of the village, but they could see nothing of the enemy.

With Pvt. Harry Croock of Asbury Park, N. J., as first scout, a squad was sent up to bird-dog the nearest house. They crept up to the building and took positions commanding its exits. Then they called to the occupants to surrender. There was no reply.

They opened the door and tossed three grenades into the building. A moment later three Jerries burst out, firing their rifles as they came. One man in the squad went down, wounded, but the others captured the Jerries.

Meanwhile other squads were clearing out nearby houses without casualties.

The first platoon had been set up to form a roadblock and establish a right flank for the company. Minutes after the platoon was set in its position, a convoy of about 50 Jerry vehicles and some antitank guns came up the road. In the fight that followed, most of the vehicles were captured or destroyed.

At about 1000 hours, word came that an outfit was emerging from the forest and approaching the village. Lt. Higgins dispatched a man to investigate. He reported that G Company was coming to A's support. A short time later figures moved past in the hazy morning light, barely 400 yards away.

At that distance you could not make out the figures moving behind a misty veil that dissolved shapes and neutralized colors. For all you knew, the figures beyond that veil might be Germans. But the men of A Company, certain that this was G Company moving up, held their fire.

And so a company of Germans marched by unchallenged, well within range of guns that could have ripped them to shreds, and passed out of sight into the village.

A platoon sergeant went down in the direction they had taken, believing them to be Americans. As he emerged from the cover of a building, he was hit by the burst of a burp gun and fell with a bullet wound in his head. Somehow he managed to crawl off the road and into the building. Two medics went up to get him but were driven back by enemy fire. They tried a second time and again they were fired upon. Perhaps in the mist and gloom their insignia couldn't be seen. Or perhaps the Germans didn't care.

IMMEDIATELY after the medics' second attempt to save the wounded man, the Jerries opened up on the building with long bursts from a machine gun. The building started to burn, and as soon as the smoke came up the Germans concentrated on the medics again. The platoon sergeant died in the burning building.

Pvt. Croock and three other men—Pvt. Everett Cox of Marlboro, Mass.; Pvt. Elvis Cox of St. Louis, Mo., and Pvt. Steve Huszer of South Bend, Ind.—had set up a machine gun on the second floor of a house that commanded part of the highway and the crossroads nearby. As they watched the road, they saw three Jerries make a dash for the other side. MG fire hit all three. One, wounded in the leg, calmly kneeled in the middle of the road and bandaged his wound. He wore a GI shelter half over his shoulders to keep off the rain. Croock and the others, confused by the shelter half and the misty light, did not fire on him again, thinking he might be American.

But the GIs in the building weren't kept in doubt for long. Under cover of a hedge, the Jerry approached the house and tossed in four potato-mashers. The machine gun put a stop to that. This time Jerry's wounds were beyond bandages.

By afternoon the light was better. A counter-attack poured out of the woods and the men of A Company mowed it down.

This Week's Cover

THE grinning GI looking out of the rear hatch of his B-29 is Sgt. J. I. Chabot of Dearborn, Mich., senior gunner. The picture was made by YANK's Sgt. Lou Stoumen in China where the pioneer B-29 missions were based. For eyewitness stories of the first Superfort raid on Tokyo see pages 2, 3, 4 and 5.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 2—Acme. 4—Upper, Sgt. Jack Ruge; lower left & right, Boeing Aircraft; lower center, INP. 5—Upper, AAF; lower, Boeing. 6—Left, Cpl. Lon Wilson; right, Sgt. Frank Busch. 7—Signal Corps. 8 & 9—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 10 & 11—Sgt. Steve Derry. 12—Center of page and lower left, Mason Pawlak CPhoM; others, Pfc. George Burns. 13—Upper, Mason Pawlak; lower, Sgt. Marvin Fasig. 18 & 19—PA & Acme. 20—Warner Bros. 23—Upper, PA; lower, AAFTC.

Battalion Aid Station

Its business booms during an attack when medics may become their own best customers.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

STOLBERG, GERMANY—The attack was a day old. The door opened at Battalion Aid, and two or three walking wounded lurched through and then the man with the arm came in. He paused at the door, a short little guy with very pale gray eyes. His eyes looked almost colorless now because his face, like the faces of the other wounded, was black with the dirt of Germany.

The guy stood at the door looking around the room and then he walked over to a davenport and sat down. A man next to him lit a cigarette and gave it to him, and he said "Thanks" and smiled. His right arm had been severed below the elbow and the stump of his arm leaked blood through a tight battle compress. He sat on the davenport and smoked with his left hand while the medics looked at the other patients. Then they made out a casualty tag for him and a medic said: "What hit you?" He looked up and grinned: "Shrapnel, I guess." Then he looked down at the stump and added: "Whatever it was, it was big."

As he waited to be evacuated to the clearing station, he yawned and said to nobody in particular: "I sure am sleepy. I ain't had no sleep for two nights now. I could stretch out right here and sleep a week." But instead, he sat very straight on the davenport so that the bloody bandage on his forearm did not touch the cushioned seat, and he blinked his eyes when the lids dropped from sheer exhaustion. When the time came, he got up and walked out to the ambulance that was to take him and others to the rear.

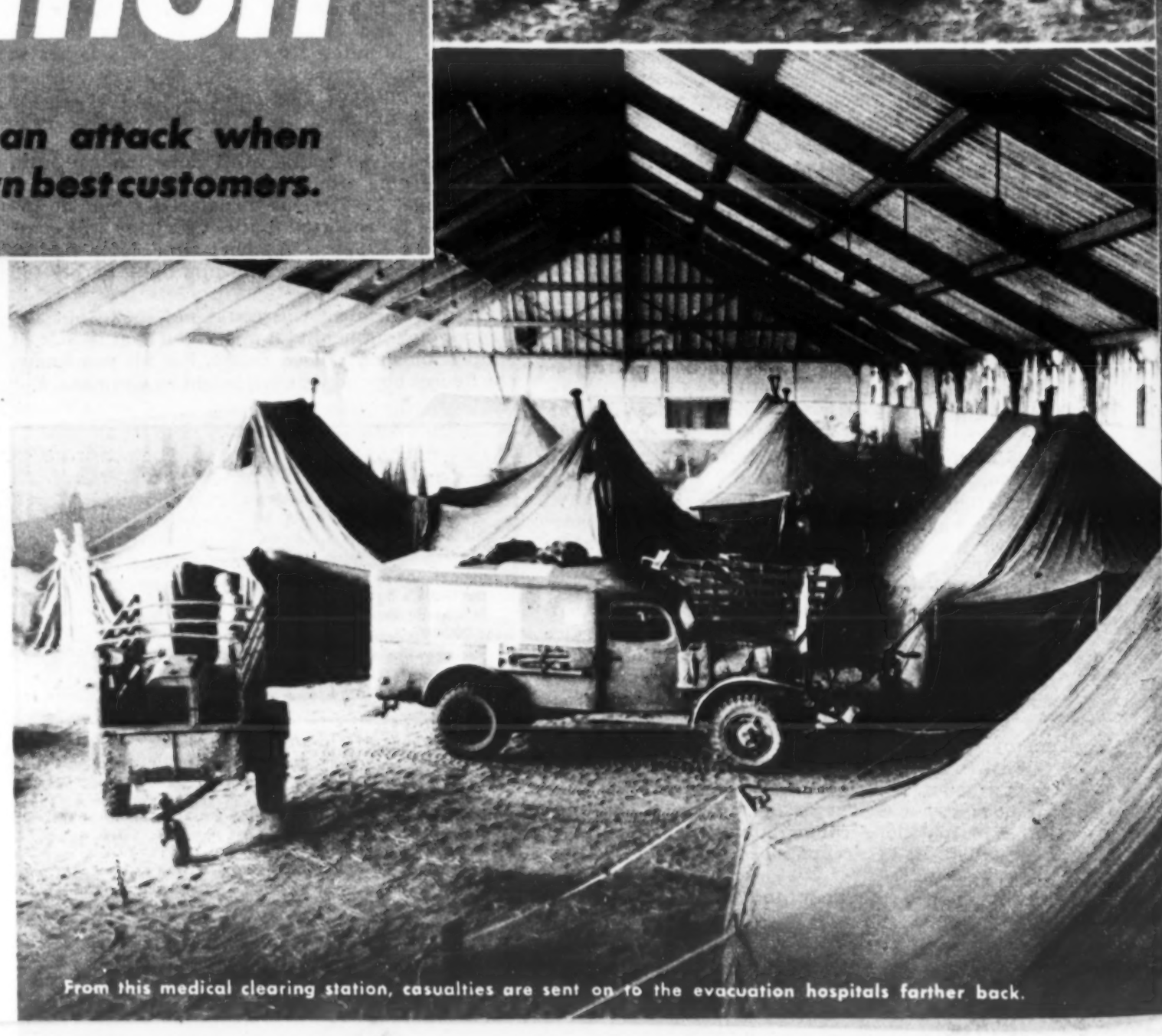
Lt. Ralph Weiber, MAC, of Chicago, Ill., assistant to the battalion surgeon, had treated the man just after he was hit. The lieutenant told about it.

"He came over and said: 'Say Doc, would you mind cutting this off? It's not doing me much good any more.' So I cut two ligaments that were holding his lower arm and hand and put on the bandage. One of our medics hid the hand under the rug so the others wouldn't see it. The man walked by himself, still under fire, back to where we had the ambulance. It was about 500 yards. You saw him come in here. He had absolutely no shock. I have never seen a man with more guts."

So another casualty had passed through Battalion Aid. There was a break and the medics poured gin into glasses of grapefruit juice and drank. Business at Battalion Aid is always heaviest during an attack, and this was a big attack. Everybody had been sweating. Gin and juice helped the medics because they rarely drink it themselves. They usually ration it out to casualties coming in. The casualties take gin and hot water or gin and juice or straight shots of Scotch, depending on their condition. Now Battalion Aid poured itself a drink and almost apologized for it.

A litter-bearer came in and Lt. Weiber asked:

Medics steer wounded to Battalion Aid on the Western Front. An ambulance moves more serious casualties.



From this medical clearing station, casualties are sent on to the evacuation hospitals farther back.

A wounded medic gets plasma from his own outfit.

Wounded on litters are carried into Battalion Aid through a window.

Medic helps an arm casualty. Note casualty tag.

"Where's Lamar?" The litter-bearer answered: "Dead, I think." Weiber looked at him for a moment and said: "Not Lamar. Lord, not Lamar."

The litter-bearer said: "We got in front of our own lines and got pinned down. We finally made it back and some infantry guy said: 'A medic just got it right behind you.' Lamar was behind me. I don't know what happened to him." Lt. Weiber swore and went into the next room.

The medics were quiet. Their outfit had lost a third of its 30 men. Lamar was the tenth casualty —the second in three days.

A few hours later they brought Lamar into Battalion Aid. He wasn't dead. They carried him in and laid him down on the floor and went to work on him. He seemed almost gone but was still conscious. Blood, dried and ugly, spread across his eye from the bridge of his nose and down the left side of his face. The right sleeve of his overcoat was ripped and bloody.

Lamar knew where he was. "Hello, Doc," he grinned. "Hello, Lamar," said Capt. John Mitschke of Helena, Mont., the battalion surgeon. "Did you take your wound tablets?"

"No, I didn't, Doc," said Lamar.

"I ought to bust you for that," Capt. Mitschke said as he cut away the heavy clothes.

"I didn't even put on a compress," Lamar said.

"I *will* bust you," said Mitschke with a grin. "Did you bleed much, Lamar?"

"Well, I thought I did, Doc," he answered. "I could hear it sloshing around inside my coat and it sort of scared me for a while."

Scissors snipped away at the clothes on his right shoulder. They cut through his overcoat, then his field jacket, then his shirt, then his winter underwear. Mitschke laughed. "You've got more clothes than an infantryman," he said.

Lamar pursed his lips. "I just keep putting 'em on, Doc."

Finally and delicately the clothing was parted from the wound. A rifle bullet had ripped into the long muscle of the upper arm above the bicep and destroyed it. Lamar had three wounds—the one in the shoulder, a hole in his right forearm and the bridge of his nose shot away. They wiped his face with cotton and daubed tenderly at his nose.

Lamar, his eyes closed, caught some conversation about his left eye. He said calmly: "It's okay, Doc. I know it's gone." Actually his eye, blinded by blood, was all right.

They gave him plasma. He felt better. He said: "You know what happened? I got hit and I rolled down into a ditch. I stayed there for a while and then I heard somebody call to me. It was a German. He spoke good English and he said: 'Come over to me.' Well, I wasn't so sure who he was but I thought he was a German. Anyway, it was hot around there, and I decided I might as well go over to him. I started toward him. He shot me."

Lamar lay on the floor for a while longer while plasma ran down a tube into his left arm. Then he said: "Wait till my mother hears about this. It will scare her to death." He paused and then his face twisted in recollection. "She could never figure out why I wanted to be a doctor. She said people had enough trouble without being a doctor and seeing all the terrible things that can happen to other people. She couldn't even go into a hospital without having a fainting spell. By the way, Doc, how are the nurses back up the line?"

Mitschke laughed: "They're wonderful. You'll like 'em."

"Yeah," said Lamar, "but the question is, will they like me? I've been telling the patients how good they are, and now you tell me."

"They're swell," said Mitschke.

Lamar was quiet. Then he said: "Say, Doc, I want you to do me a favor."

Mitschke said: "Sure, what?"

"I'm going to get a fruit cake for Christmas," Lamar said, "When it gets here, I want you all to eat it. Will you do that for me?"

"You know we will," said Mitschke, "and we'll think of you when we do."

Then Lamar was evacuated.

BATTALION AID began to fill again. Pfc. Milton Schillion of Paducah, Ky., brought in four men. After he had deposited them he went over to the Jerry can and drank. He was sweating.

When Schillion had gone back to where K Company was having it rough, Lt. Weiber said: "There is a man with guts. Our first day in combat, they pulled him off the line and made a litter-bearer out of him. He was one guy who wasn't afraid to go out and bring men in. He's always been a rugged character. Back in the States he used to go up to the regimental CO and tell him when he was going over the hill."

Capt. Mitschke talked about Schillion, too, when there was time. "We made a litter-bearer out of him at first, but he's done such good work that we use him now to coordinate litter squads. He roams from company to company. If he thinks it's too hot for the squad to go out, he holds them until things quiet down a little. He's very valuable to us."

Then the doc said: "It takes a lot of courage to be a litter-bearer and more courage to be an aid man. An infantryman has a hole and he stays in it, but when there's a casualty, the aid man has to leave what little protection he has and get out in the open. A mortar shell or 88 doesn't recognize the Red Cross on a helmet.

"We've had varied treatment from the Jerries. You heard what Lamar said about being shot when he started toward this German. On the other hand, we had this happen yesterday. There was a Jerry machine gun about 100 yards to the right and there were three wounded men out front. A lieutenant showed the litter squad where they were and went running over to them. The machine gun opened up on him. The litter squad followed and there was no fire. The litter-bearers made two trips and didn't get shot at. But the third casualty could walk so they left an aid man and the lieutenant to help bring him in. When the lieutenant started back with the aid man, both of them helping the casualty, they were all shot at."

And if you stayed long enough at Battalion Aid you'd see that the strain told on the medics, too.

A kid stumbled into the room, crying, and they sat him down in a chair. He wore a Red Cross brassard. S/Sgt. John W. Green of Greensboro, N. C., tried to calm him down, but it was no use for the moment. He burst out with a stream of words: "Noise, too much noise, all noise, too much noise." They took him into the next room and gave him something that made him sleep. Next day he was all right. Green said: "He's just a kid."

Another one came in. They put him on cushions on the floor, and he lay on his belly and held his ears. A shell had exploded and killed the men standing beside him, and the noise of it had hurt his eardrums. But the death of the men beside him had done more than that. Father Quinn—Capt. Gerald Quinn of Hoboken, N. J.—came in and saw him on the floor and said: "There is a man who was tough. But he's been through a lot in two days."

Then Father Quinn went out to pick up some of the kid's buddies on the field. Mitschke said to him: "Father, it's not safe to go out there now." Father Quinn said: "Oh, it's all right."

When he had gone, Weiber told a few stories about the chaplain, who in his first month of combat had already won the Silver Star.

A third medic came in. "Doc," he said, "I've got a hunk of something back here." He dropped his pants and pulled up his shirt and there was a small hole in his backside. "I was sitting behind a wall," he said, "and a shell hit the other side. I didn't have time to stop and besides I didn't think it amounted to anything."

"Hum," Doc said. "Well, it has pus in it. I'm going to evacuate you." So the medic bent over and Mitschke probed the wound for the shell fragment, or piece of rock or whatever it was inside. The probing was painful in the raw wound, but the medic stood bent over and let it go on without saying a word. His mouth froze into a queer grimace and remained that way.

As the probing went deeper, the medic raised his head and gazed intently at the pin-ups—some German and some American—that smiled down at him from the wall with their magnificent civilian indifference.

Gunner's mate 3/c mans his .50-caliber machine gun.

NIGHT RAID OFF GENOA

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

A COASTAL TOWN, NORTHERN ITALY—A gunner's mate stationed here with a U.S. Navy PT-boat outfit received a letter recently from his wife back home in Pennsylvania. The letter, to put it mildly, hissed him off.

"Dear Eddie," it said. "Last night June and I went to the movies and coming out who did we meet but Frank Jones. He is home on 21 days' leave from the Navy and looks fine. He is on a battleship or a cruiser that was in the invasion of Southern France. If they can send battleships home after an invasion, why can't they send PT boats like yours home, too? Anyway, I was telling Frank how you were in the Mediterranean and he told me they would not be keeping you there much longer. He said the Navy finished all its fighting in the Mediterranean during the invasion of Southern France and there was nothing left for you to do there now. So I guess I can expect you home soon."

The comments of this PT-boat sailor concerning Frank Jones and all battleship sailors in general cannot be quoted in full because this magazine falls into the hands of quite a few nurses and Wacs every week. "Maybe I wouldn't have minded it so much," he said toward the end of his speech, "but the night before I got the letter, a German F-lighter dropped a 40-mm shell on the bridge of our boat off Genoa and killed one of our boys."

There will be plenty left to do for the PT boats in this part of the Mediterranean, along the strongly fortified and thickly mined enemy shore of Northern Italy, until the Fifth Army captures the port of Spezia and maybe even more after that. Working closely with British torpedo boats and with the Air Forces, the American PTs are staging attacks almost every night on the German convoys running ammunition, guns, supplies and troops down the coast to Field Marshal Albert von Kesselring's army.

Furthermore, the type of action that the PTs are fighting here in the Mediterranean is probably the most dangerous kind of action that torpedo boats have seen in this war. Several officers in this squadron served last year in the South and Southwest Pacific. Among them are the acting commander, Lt. Stanley Livingston Jr. of Honolulu, a swimming star at Yale four years ago, and the executive officer, Lt. Ralph Pope Jr., of Brookline, Mass., who played football and hockey at Harvard. They all say that PT-boat operations against the Japs were much easier than what they've been through in this theater.

"In the Pacific, it was an entirely different war for us," Lt. Pope says. "Out there we had wide-open water to work in. The Jap shipping was moving from one island to another. We could catch them at sea where there was plenty of room for us to pick our spot, sneak in and drop our torpedoes and get away. And most of our targets were those troop barges, which were pretty lightly armed—mostly with light machine guns, very little heavy stuff. We never had to worry much about mines and we didn't have to dodge shore batteries.

"Now get the picture here: The German boats are less than a mile from the shore. In most places there are mine fields two and a half or three miles from shore so we can't get at them there. Okay. So we have to make our pass at them in the limited stretches of enemy shore line that are not protected by mines. But most of those places are infested with shore batteries—88s, 155s and a lot of even bigger guns. That's bad enough, but our targets, the German freight-carrying vessels—mostly F-lighters, something like an LCT—are armed to the teeth with 20- and 40- and 88-mm guns. And they are usually protected by destroyers or corvettes with heavy stuff. So it's like that old song—if you close the door, they start coming through the windows."

Lt. Pope shook his head. "Another thing about this kind of a deal," he added. "It is tough to find coastwise shipping. As you probably know, the target often gets obscured by the shore line and you can't spot it."

But the lieutenant still didn't want to go back to the Pacific where he came from.

"The actual operations are rougher here," he said, "but I'll take this theater over any place in the Pacific. When you get liberty here, you've got some kind of a city to go to. Maybe the city is all smashed to pieces and maybe it has no water or electric lights. But it's still a city and usually you can find some kind of a Red Cross club in it. In the Pacific, when you get liberty, you've got no place to go. And that's no *bono*."

WHEN they are not out at sea on an operation, the PT boats based here tie up at a wharf beside an old grain warehouse that serves as their headquarters. The crews sleep on their boats and eat in a mess hall on the second floor of the warehouse. The day I came here I expected to get some good Navy chow, which in the Caribbean and in the Pacific is much better than Army food, but I found that the Navy in this part of Italy eats the same GI stuff as we do. In fact, they were eating C rations that day. They depend on the Army for most of their other supplies, too. I noticed one sailor, dressed to go to town on liberty that afternoon, wearing regular high brown GI shoes with his dress blues and white cap. He looked funny as hell.

While I was eating chow, the Navy asked me if I wanted to go out on a PT operation with them that night, and I accepted the invitation. "Too bad you weren't riding with us last night," they said. "Last night we really hit the jackpot. Two boats went out and caught a kraut convoy and sank two ships. Really blasted them to bits. And we hit another one that probably sank later on. Funny thing about last night was the Army flyer we took along with us. There are a couple of these Army flyers from a field near here who are gluttons for punishment. They fly all day and come around and go out on operations with us all night. Well, this one last night got sleepy and decided to go below and take a short nap. When we sighted the convoy, we forgot to wake him and he slept right through the whole thing. Missed all the excitement. Even the gunfire didn't wake him up and there was plenty of it. Boy, was he sore later."

After I finished eating, I went out to the dock and looked at the *USS PT 559*, the boat I was going to go out on that night. There are two kinds of PTs, Higgins and ELCOs, and there is a certain amount of controversy among PT crews about which make is the better. The ELCO crews claim their boat is more comfortable and gives more protection from the sea in rough weather. This one was an ELCO. The inside seemed more like a private yacht than a Navy combat craft. It, or she, as the sailors would say, had every modern convenience, including a compartment in the refrigerator that makes ice cubes. It also had three beautiful high-powered Packard engines, and four long fish—the Navy term for torpedo—two on each side of the boat.

And 559 had six Nazi swastikas on the front of her bridge. All six of her victims had been sunk between the middle of June and the end of September, a performance that is about the same as batting .400 or playing 36 holes of golf in five strokes under par. Most PTs do well to sink six ships in 18 months of combat duty. The swastikas that 559 had won in four months represented 6,400 tons of enemy shipping—one destroyer, two F-lighters, one torpedo boat, one corvette or, as it is officially designated, heavily armed vessel, and one 3,000-ton tanker.

The captain of 559, Lt. (jg) Robert Nagle of Cranford, N. J., said the operation that night would be very dull and warned I'd be disappointed if I was looking for excitement. Like almost all PT deals from this base, it was to be a combined British and American job. We were to sneak up to the mouth of a harbor about halfway between Spezia and Genoa, where some German ships were holed up, and a British boat was going to send two torpedoes into the harbor while the other boats stood by to help in case something went wrong. On PT operations there is one officer, a division commander, in charge

of the tactics of all the boats. On these Allied affairs they take turns; one night a British officer acts as division commander, the next night an American lieutenant runs the show. Tonight it was the Royal Navy's turn.

This business of shooting torpedoes at a harbor —instead of at a moving and armed German ship full of oil, ammunition and Nazis—was a little bit out of the usual PT line of duty. I could see that Lt. Nagle and his executive officer, Lt. (jg) William Wrigley of Atlanta, Ga., did not really have their hearts in the job. I found out later that practically all the other officers and EM on the operations, both British and American, felt the same way. "We don't expect to come across any convoys," Lt. Nagle said. Then he added hopefully: "But you never can tell. We might stumble into something." The thought seemed to cheer him up and he walked away whistling.

I WENT aboard 559 that night well wrapped in borrowed Navy foul-weather gear; a big hooded parka and heavy overalls, because the rain off the Italian coast is as cold and as plentiful as it is on the Fifth Army front. We pulled away from the wharf on the dot of the appointed time, after the British division commander had a final briefing with Lt. Nagle in our chart room, and we led the way out of the harbor. The sea was fairly smooth and the moon was bright. The boat opened up to a speed of about 30 knots, leaving a wide white wake behind it. The whole thing seemed more liked a pleasure cruise on Long Island Sound than a part of the war.

I stood on the deck near one of the .50-caliber machine guns, talking with the gunner, Gustaf Shah GM2c of Saugus, Mass., and Clyde Rodenbush MoMM2c of Santa Monica, Calif. We passed fairly closely to an anchored freighter and Rodenbush said to Shah: "That's about how far we were from that corvette that night." Shah

There's still plenty of work for PT boats in the Mediterranean, attacking German convoys that run supplies down Italy's coast.

nodded. Rodenbush said to me: "We were closing in on a convoy, idling in slow like we always do so they wouldn't see any wave and open up on us. All of a sudden I saw this corvette on top of us. The corvette was after us and didn't know we saw him. I went back to tell Mr. Nagle, but before I opened my mouth he told me to return to my station. Vincent Gillette, he's that gunner next to the bridge, saw the corvette then and told Mr. Nagle. Gillette has the sharpest eyes on the boat. Mr. Nagle sure acted quick. He just dropped a fish toward that corvette without bothering to aim or anything and turned away quietly and started to ease out of there as though we still didn't know the corvette was anywhere near us."

"Mr. Nagle is certainly a cool guy," Shah said. "It takes real nerve to keep your hand off the throttle in a spot like that. There we were with this corvette only a couple of hundred yards away and every Jerry gun on that boat trained right on us and itching to fire. Everything inside of you tells you at a time like that to step on the gas and roar out of there as fast as you can. But if you do that, you are committing suicide. They'll see the white foam in your wake and you'll be a perfect target. Then they'll blow you out of the water. Even when they start shooting, you have to keep idling out slowly as long as you can."

I asked them if the corvette opened fire while they were idling away.

"They sure did," Rodenbush said. "But just when they were starting to hit us with everything but the kitchen sink, our torpedo hit home. Boy, were we relieved to see that corvette go up in pieces. Right in front of us."

I walked up to the bridge and found Lt. Nagle squinting with disapproval at the bright moonlight. "This," he said, "is definitely not PT weather. I hope it clouds up before we get there. If it doesn't we'll never be able to get close enough to the harbor to drop those fish. The shore batteries will spot us five miles away. We've got a long way to go yet. Why don't you go below and lie down on my bunk? Come up when you hear us cut down the engines."

I decided to follow his suggestions and found that his bunk had two mattresses. It was one of the most comfortable spots in this part of the world. The loud hum of the engines and the steady rocking of the boat put me to sleep quickly, but unlike the Army flyer of the night before I awoke a half-hour before we reached our target. I lay on the bunk while I heard the engines tone down to a gentle murmur and the boat stopped bouncing. I climbed up the ladder and crawled out of the hatch onto the deck. The sky was clouded and it was raining. The sea was dark, much to everybody's relief. The men in the crew were putting on steel helmets and flak jackets, so I did, too. The armor-plated flak jacket felt as though it weighed a ton.

Straight ahead of us, the high hilly shore line loomed up in the darkness, and right directly in a line with the bobbing nose of our boat there was a small beacon light that kept flashing on and off. "That light is the entrance to the harbor," Lt. Wrigley said. "Makes it very convenient for us." We were about 4½ miles from the shore now. We were going in another 1½ miles and then stand by until the British boat behind us came up and dropped its torpedoes. "That is," added Wrigley, "if shore batteries don't send us some star shells first. This place is loaded with them."

We kept on inching slowly and silently toward the small flashing beacon light, nobody talking and everybody tense and wide awake. Occasionally the quiet would be broken by a command over the radio from a British boat.

I HAD always pictured PT boats roaring in on their target at 50 miles per hour, dropping their torpedo with a spectacular flourish, turning on a dime and roaring away with guns blazing like gangster sedans in a Humphrey Bogart movie. But it wasn't like that at all. They really do it like an infantryman on a patrol, crawling in slowly on their belly with their head down, hoping to God that they can get some of their work done before the enemy knows they are there. If they tried to use their speed close to the enemy guns, the wake of the boat would make them an ideal target.

Finally we drew up three miles from the shore to let the British boat behind us fire its torpedoes. Everybody was watching the dark hills in front of us with the same thought in his head. If the German gunners ever located us at that close range, it would be murder. It seemed as though the British boat was taking hours to drop the torpedoes. Then we heard one of them go, and a moment later the other. We waited until the British boat turned and came back toward us. Then we began to ease gently out to sea. The torpedoes were supposed to hit the shore eight minutes after they were fired.

"I can't understand why those Jerries haven't started shooting," Gillette said. "They should have picked us up on their radar long before this. Somebody must be asleep in there."

Then we heard the torpedoes go off. Still there was no German artillery fire. A few minutes later, when we were about four miles offshore, the German batteries came to life. First the flashes, then the rumbling reports and almost immediately a cluster of red balls soaring into the water off to our right.

"Eighty-eights," Gillette said.

Our boat shuddered and started to pick up speed. A voice with a British accent came over the radio and said, "Let's get out of here."

Then we saw bigger white flashes from another part of the shore. "Here comes the heavy stuff," Gillette said. "Those are 155s and 240s."

Before the shells had time to land, Lt. Nagle said to the sailor at the wheel, "Rudder hard right." The boat, trying to shake itself out of the range of the German guns, swerved sharply like a tailback cutting in through tackle on a fake end run.

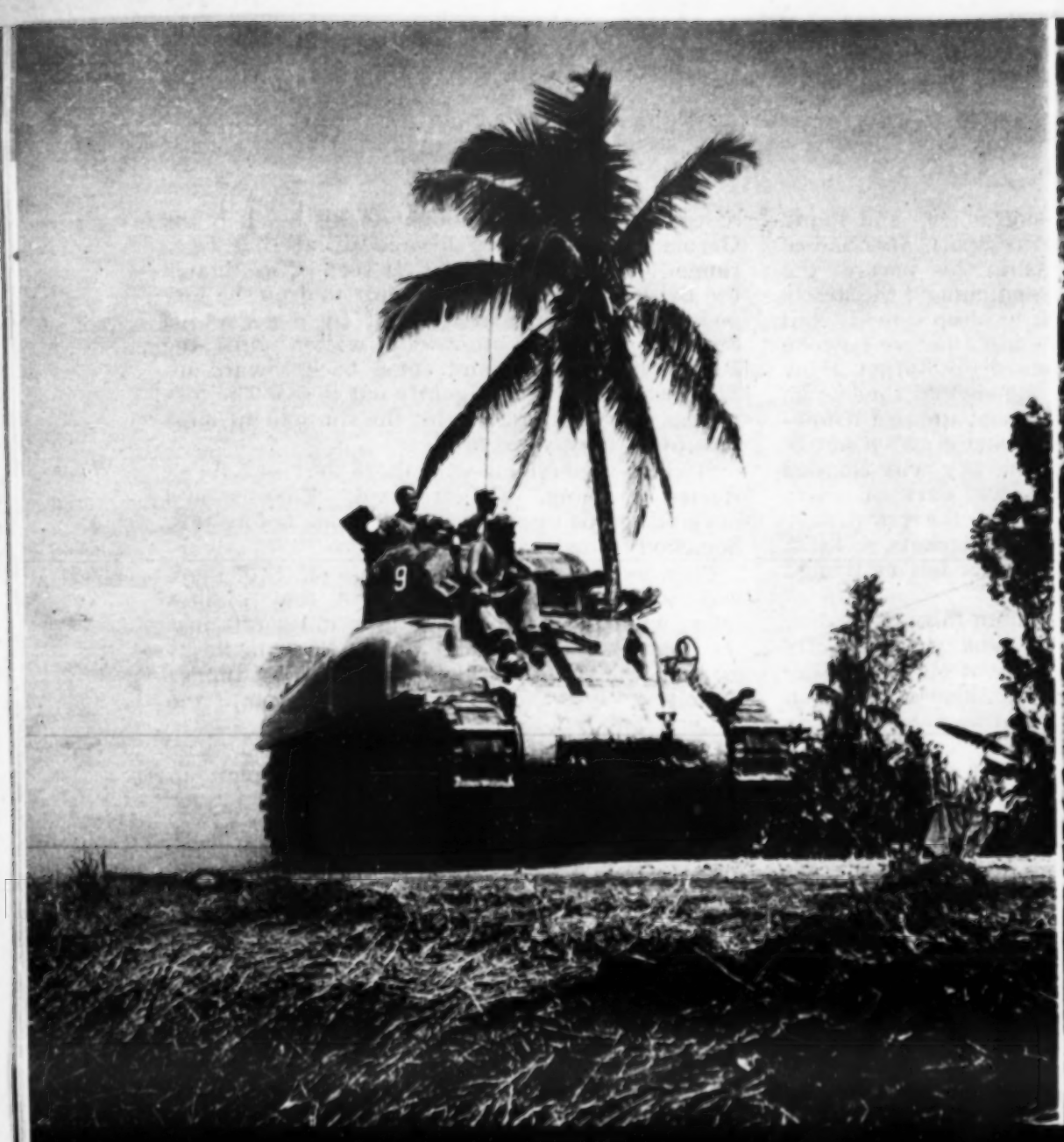
The big guns flashed white again and Lt. Nagle said, "Take her up to a thousand." The boat leaped through the waves and headed out to sea with the engines roaring.

"I wonder why they didn't throw up star shells like they usually do," Gillette said. "They could have made this place look like daylight for a half hour."

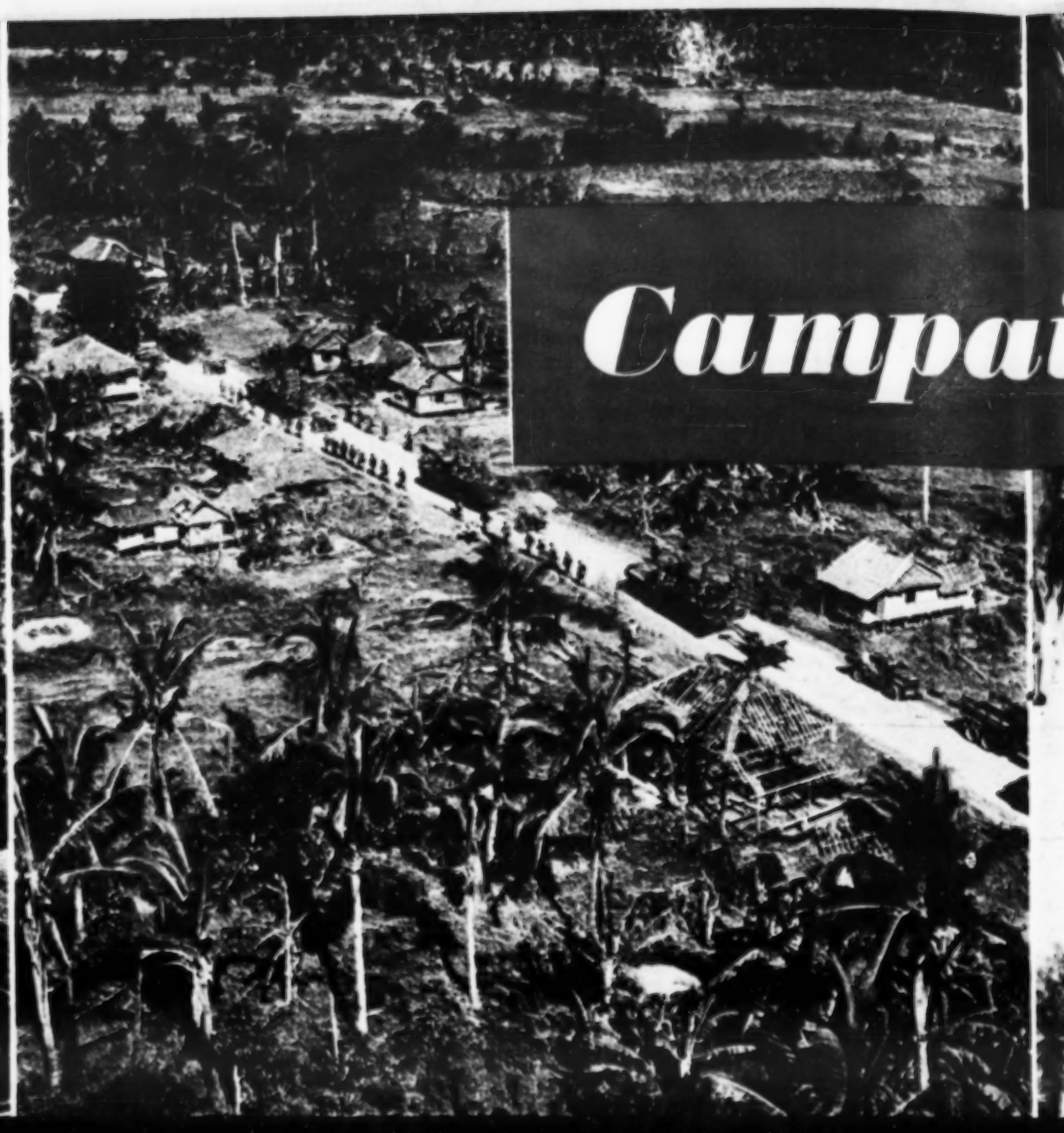
When we were safely out of range, we ran down the coast for a few hours looking around for a German convoy or a couple of stray freighters, but all the opposition seemed to be home in bed. It was almost breakfasttime when we got back to the base but nobody wanted to wait up for it. We went to sleep as soon as we could and stayed asleep until noon.

The crew of the PT 599 poses on their ship's bridge.

Campai



American soldiers man an M4 tank on the road leading to the town of Dagami.



An aerial view of GIs on the move. Some of them march and some ride DUKWs.

Direct commissions in the field for (l. to r.) T/Sgts. E. E. Songer, P. A. Vogner and W. L. Endsley.

In the city square of Palo, these Filipino kids help the GIs dig trenches before nightfall comes.

A mortar crew in action near Dagami. Mortar has just fired and men are ducking to avoid the blast.

A Filipino girl helps an MP junk Jap posters.

Troops cross shattered bridge near Dagami.

...aign on Leyte

BEHIND the front and on the firing line, YANK photographers made these pictures of men, machines and animals, all of them part of the military pattern of daily life on Leyte Island.

This native passes near the city of Palo. His primitive conveyance is a carabao or water buffalo. A soldier watches him from a modern M8 armored car.

Parrot mascot sits on the breech of this gun.

A 155-mm Long Tom lets one go at Jap lines.

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I quote from the New York *Daily News*: "Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey says that returning veterans should go through a 'dehardening process.' The men must be softened up to cope with the gentler civilian problems of post-war living."

I have a plan that I am offering to all separation centers—an obstacle course in reverse. The serviceman will be met at the gate by his old first sergeant towing a plush-lined, radio-equipped rickshaw. The man will be helped into the vehicle and carried to the first dehardening barrier.

Here he will find a super bar, M1, complete with every known type of alcoholic beverage. He will be served by a beautiful red-headed barmaid. For every unsatisfactory kiss, the soon-to-be civilian will be forced to down two jiggers of Scotch whisky. After two grueling hours of this, the lad will be rickshawed to the next obstacle.

This will be a huge, heavily carpeted room housing a large food-laden table. The GI will be presented with his menu by his old company commander and ordered to take his choice of steaks, chicken, pheasant, turkey, duck, lobster, roast beef, ham, caviar, beer, wine, etc. An all-girl orchestra will play soothing music in the background. The meal finished, the veteran will be required to throw all the soiled plates against a nearby brick wall. If he doesn't smash every dish he will be forced to go back to the first barrier and start all over again.

As obstacle No. 3, our serviceman will be carried by the first sergeant through a large hall where 300 (three hundred) staff sergeants will chant: "Yes, Mr. Doe; yes, Mr. Doe; yes, Mr. Doe" (or whatever his name happens to be).

At the fourth phase our man will be placed as the sole judge of a bathing-beauty contest. At the fifth and final stage, the almost dehardened GI will be supplied with real eggs, these to throw at Frank Sinatra, who will sing the vet to sleep on a 10-foot-thick mattress, stuffed with furlough blankets.

Germany —Sgt. A. L. SOHL

Pioneers, Not Kiwis

Dear YANK:

Since I arrived in Italy I have been a regular reader of your paper and up to now it has been very good, but now you have let me down. In the picture with the article by Sgt. James P. O'Neill about the Kiwis in Italy, I would like to know why the Kiwis are wearing the badge of the English Pioneer Corps. —Cpl. J. HOWARD (One of the Pioneers)

Italy

■ Sorry, our error.

Overseas Stripes

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue you stated in answer to a letter that fractions of six-month periods overseas do not count for overseas stripes.

I pulled 50 missions in the Fifteenth Air Force, but I arrived back in the U. S. just five months after I left. Does that mean that I am not entitled to wear an overseas stripe? There are lots of us that were fortunate enough to get back so quickly. But 50 missions are still 50 missions, whether you string them out over two years or 60 days.

It looks like everyone who has been overseas should be entitled to the first overseas stripe.

March Field, Calif. —S/Sgt. ROBERT M. ALLEN

333d Field Artillery

Dear YANK:

I just had the pleasure of reading Sgt. Bill Davidson's wonderful article, "Rommel, Count Your Men," and I want you to know that a couple hundred other guys and myself really appreciated it to the highest.

It isn't often that a fellow comrade gets a chance to read something so great and inspiring as that. But when we do you can be sure that our morale as American soldiers is greatly increased.

Although we're only the "Ditch-Digging Engineers," our hats are off to those guys in the 333d Field Artillery and we're wishing them all continued success.

India —Sgt. LUCIAN E. COOPER

Tax Proposal

Dear YANK:

If a man made large amounts of money as a civilian, he should pay the tax on that money as many have already done. But as relief for those who owe taxes, and for the benefit of all servicemen, I propose the following: *1)* that Congress pass a law exempting a man from taxes for the same length of time after the war as he has been in the service of his country and give him a reduction of at least 50 percent of the amount he would ordinarily have to pay, and *2)* that the basic exemption for servicemen be raised from $500 to $1,200, and that this new $1,200 exemption be made effective from Dec. 7, 1941.

All this would give the average GI Joe a chance to get a few dollars ahead to start him on a well-balanced financial status and enable him to get back on his feet. Civilians have already saved their nest egg; we haven't. All we can now look forward to upon discharge is three years of being in debt to the Government, with heavy financial worries plus an uncertain civilian job.

Westover Field, Mass. —Cpl. HAROLD A. SMITH

Jap's-Eye View of the U. S.

American wrestlers, "monsters who look like spooks, six or seven feet in height," worry Jap broadcaster Goro.

Edited by Sgt. AL HINE
Illustrated by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

Now that the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere is undergoing seaborne alterations, Japs show new interest in things American. As part of the official orientation program aimed at acquainting them with the habits of possible visitors to the island paradise, Radio Tokyo recently beamed a report on the U. S. by one Goro Nakano.

Goro, a mean man with a statistic, used to be New York correspondent for the Tokyo newspaper *Asahi*. His lowdown on life in the U. S. is several degrees more intimate than the cellar of a Wac's barracks bag.

In four outstanding evidences of Yankee barbarism, he finds two that deal with sex—not a bad average for any league. But his first beef is the shocking lack of sportsmanship in U. S. sports.

Goro, who on his New York tour of duty probably never watched the Dodgers apply the needle to their opponents, says that baseball is a fair game on the surface; so is football. But neither of these are typically American.

Hell, no. The real American sport is wrestling, and wrestling in America, Goro reports, is performed by "monsters who are like spooks, six or seven feet in height" and bearing "such outrageous names as Man Eater, Man Mountain, Champion of Hades, King Kong or Gorilla of Siberia."

These brutes, "huge and horrible looking," are imported from foreign lands (possibly Japan?) and pitted against good-looking American youths. The good-looking American youths get into the ring with the monsters and tear them apart in a contest that is considered fair "as long as edged tools are not used." Goro, whom we visualize as a pleasant little chap with horn-rims and a couple of edged tools protruding from beneath his upper lip, is sick to his stomach at such a spectacle.

A quick look at Broadway, which seems to have produced such outstanding dramas as "Tobacco Road," "Tobacco Road" and "Tobacco Road," shows Goro a theater where all the plays are barbaric. "The more cruel, the more popular they become," he mutters and turns his attention to Hollywood.

In the War Bond-selling drives, according to his shocked whisper, Hollywood actresses do nekkid dances. "Each time the actress strips off some of her clothes, spectators are made to buy more bonds. Thus by barbaric methods they bolster the dime-store patriotism of the ignorant Yankee masses." Goro forgets to mention that the drooling induced by such entertainment makes it much easier for us to lick the stickum on our War Stamps.

"Actresses and young girls," Goro says, "go into Army camps giving comfort kisses to the servicemen. One actress boasted of giving 15,000 kisses. The morale of the barbaric Yankee soldiers is being stirred up."

Goro frowns on strip teasers who arouse the beast.

In closing, Goro, by this time a trifle stirred up himself, says: "These evils should convince the Japs that America is a barbaric nation unparalleled in the world and should inspire a hatred in the Japanese people."

Frankly, the only thing we're worrying about is how to stop the Jap stampede on War Bond lines and enlistment offices. Which way to the nearest orgy, Goro?

Comfort kisses are used to stir up the morale of the barbaric Yankee soldiers.

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I quote from the New York *Daily News*: "Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey says that returning veterans should go through a 'dehardening process.' The men must be softened up to cope with the gentler civilian problems of post-war living."

I have a plan that I am offering to all separation centers—an obstacle course in reverse. The serviceman will be met at the gate by his old first sergeant towing a plush-lined, radio-equipped rickshaw. The man will be helped into the vehicle and carried to the first dehardening barrier.

Here he will find a super bar, M1, complete with every known type of alcoholic beverage. He will be served by a beautiful red-headed barmaid. For every unsatisfactory kiss, the soon-to-be civilian will be forced to down two jiggers of Scotch whisky. After two grueling hours of this, the lad will be rickshawed to the next obstacle.

This will be a huge, heavily carpeted room housing a large food-laden table. The GI will be presented with his menu by his old company commander and ordered to take his choice of steaks, chicken, pheasant, turkey, duck, lobster, roast beef, ham, caviar, beer, wine, etc. An all-girl orchestra will play soothing music in the background. The meal finished, the veteran will be required to throw all the soiled plates against a nearby brick wall. If he doesn't smash every dish he will be forced to go back to the first barrier and start all over again.

As obstacle No. 3, our serviceman will be carried by the first sergeant through a large hall where 300 (three hundred) staff sergeants will chant: "Yes, Mr. Doe; yes, Mr. Doe; yes, Mr. Doe" (or whatever his name happens to be).

At the fourth phase our man will be placed as the sole judge of a bathing-beauty contest. At the fifth and final stage, the almost dehardened GI will be supplied with real eggs, these to throw at Frank Sinatra, who will sing the vet to sleep on a 10-foot-thick mattress, stuffed with furlough blankets.

Germany —Sgt. A. L. SOHL

Pioneers, Not Kiwis

Dear YANK:

Since I arrived in Italy I have been a regular reader of your paper and up to now it has been very good, but now you have let me down. In the picture with the article by Sgt. James P. O'Neill about the Kiwis in Italy, I would like to know why the Kiwis are wearing the badge of the English Pioneer Corps.

Italy —Cpl. J. HOWARD (One of the Pioneers)

■ Sorry, our error.

Overseas Stripes

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue you stated in answer to a letter that fractions of six-month periods overseas do not count for overseas stripes.

I pulled 50 missions in the Fifteenth Air Force, but I arrived back in the U. S. just five months after I left. Does that mean that I am not entitled to wear an overseas stripe? There are lots of us that were fortunate enough to get back so quickly. But 50 missions are still 50 missions, whether you string them out over two years or 60 days.

It looks like everyone who has been overseas should be entitled to the first overseas stripe.

March Field, Calif. —S/Sgt. ROBERT M. ALLEN

333d Field Artillery

Dear YANK:

I just had the pleasure of reading Sgt. Bill Davidson's wonderful article, "Rommel, Count Your Men," and I want you to know that a couple hundred other guys and myself really appreciated it to the highest.

It isn't often that a fellow comrade gets a chance to read something so great and inspiring as that. But when we do you can be sure that our morale as American soldiers is greatly increased.

Although we're only the "Ditch-Digging Engineers," our hats are off to those guys in the 333d Field Artillery and we're wishing them all continued success.

India —Sgt. LUCIAN E. COOPER

Tax Proposal

Dear YANK:

If a man made large amounts of money as a civilian, he should pay the tax on that money as many have already done. But as relief for those who owe taxes, and for the benefit of all servicemen, I propose the following: *1)* that Congress pass a law exempting a man from taxes for the same length of time after the war as he has been in the service of his country and give him a reduction of at least 50 percent of the amount he would ordinarily have to pay, and *2)* that the basic exemption for servicemen be raised from $500 to $1,200, and that this new $1,200 exemption be made effective from Dec. 7, 1941.

All this would give the average GI Joe a chance to get a few dollars ahead to start him on a well-balanced financial status and enable him to get back on his feet. Civilians have already saved their nest egg; we haven't. All we can now look forward to upon discharge is three years of being in debt to the Government, with heavy financial worries plus an uncertain civilian job.

Westover Field, Mass. —Cpl. HAROLD A. SMITH

Jap's-Eye View of the U. S.

American wrestlers, "monsters who look like spooks, six or seven feet in height," worry Jap broadcaster Goro.

Edited by Sgt. AL HINE
Illustrated by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

Now that the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere is undergoing seaborne alterations, Japs show new interest in things American. As part of the official orientation program aimed at acquainting them with the habits of possible visitors to the island paradise, Radio Tokyo recently beamed a report on the U. S. by one Goro Nakano.

Goro, a mean man with a statistic, used to be New York correspondent for the Tokyo newspaper *Asahi*. His lowdown on life in the U. S. is several degrees more intimate than the cellar of a Wac's barracks bag.

In four outstanding evidences of Yankee barbarism, he finds two that deal with sex—not a bad average for any league. But his first beef is the shocking lack of sportsmanship in U. S. sports.

Goro, who on his New York tour of duty probably never watched the Dodgers apply the needle to their opponents, says that baseball is a fair game on the surface; so is football. But neither of these are typicaliy American.

Hell, no. The real American sport is wrestling, and wrestling in America, Goro reports, is performed by "monsters who are like spooks, six or seven feet in height" and bearing "such outrageous names as Man Eater, Man Mountain, Champion of Hades, King Kong or Gorilla of Siberia."

These brutes, "huge and horrible looking," are imported from foreign lands (possibly Japan?) and pitted against good-looking American youths. The good-looking American youths get into the ring with the monsters and tear them apart in a contest that is considered fair "as long as edged tools are not used." Goro, whom we visualize as a pleasant little chap with horn-rims and a couple of edged tools protruding from beneath his upper lip, is sick to his stomach at such a spectacle.

A quick look at Broadway, which seems to have produced such outstanding dramas as "Tobacco Road," "Tobacco Road" and "Tobacco Road," shows Goro a theater where all the plays are barbaric. "The more cruel, the more popular they become," he mutters and turns his attention to Hollywood.

In the War Bond-selling drives, according to his shocked whisper, Hollywood actresses do hekkid dances. "Each time the actress strips off some of her clothes, spectators are made to buy more bonds. Thus by barbaric methods they bolster the dime-store patriotism of the ignorant Yankee masses." Goro forgets to mention that the drooling induced by such entertainment makes it much easier for us to lick the stickum on our War Stamps.

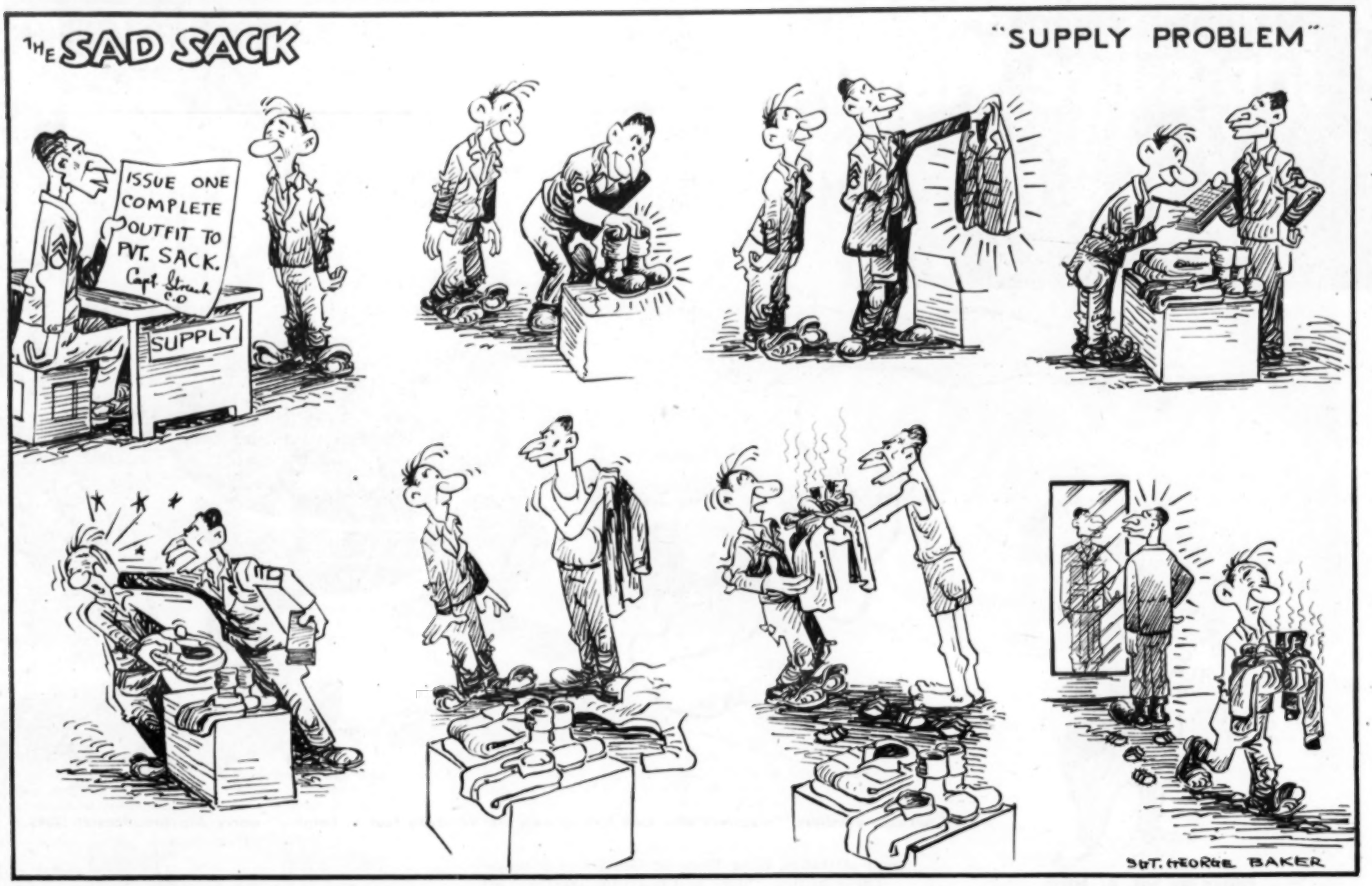
"Actresses and young girls," Goro says, "go into Army camps giving comfort kisses to the servicemen. One actress boasted of giving 15,000 kisses. The morale of the barbaric Yankee soldiers is being stirred up."

Goro frowns on strip teasers who arouse the beast.

In closing, Goro, by this time a trifle stirred up himself, says: "These evils should convince the Japs that America is a barbaric nation unparalleled in the world and should inspire a hatred in the Japanese people."

Frankly, the only thing we're worrying about is how to stop the Jap stampede on War Bond lines and enlistment offices. Which way to the nearest orgy, Goro?

Comfort kisses are used to stir up the morale of the barbaric Yankee soldiers.



1st SERGEANT STEIN AND THE DRESS BUSINESS

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE

I HEAR through the usual grapevine channels that my old friend Arthur Stein has returned to the States from the back hills of China, where he was first sergeant of Gen. Chennault's Headquarters Squadron.

In my three years and some-odd months in this man's Army, I have shared sleeping quarters with mess sergeants, master sergeants, war correspondents, lieutenants, civilians and even, on one occasion, a wild-eyed Chinese mongoose named Skunk. These I have taken quite calmly as the fortunes of war. Before my short stay in China, though, I had never been the roommate of a first sergeant.

1st Sgt. Stein, who in those days occupied a one-story bunk in our roomful of double deckers, is a wistful but businesslike young particle who in better days was a pillar of the community of Kansas City, where he was gloriously engaged in the women's-wear business.

Throughout the heat and rain of his days in China, Sgt. Stein busied himself with his duties as ranking noncom of Headquarters Squadron, Fourteenth Air Force, ruling his roost with a heavy hand and a heavier sarcasm. But when the evening shadows fell and he turned homeward to his hostel, his thoughts returned to the dear days of Kansas City and the dress business.

Most of the wall space of our little home was covered with pin-ups—YANK girls, the Sad Sack, pictures of Miss Wanda Stephenson (who was reputed to have the loveliest long legs in Hollywood), pictures of homes and wives and ports of embarkation, and a colored postcard view of Times Square and the Paramount Building. These were scattered haphazardly all over the place, with no thought for collective beauty or attractive display.

Sgt. Stein, too, had his pin-ups. He had a large and crumbling old Chinese water color, a collection of snapshots of the Stein family and a series of small, highly colored but tasteful mug shots of the more aesthetic type of clean young American womanhood. Most of these came from the covers of *Coronet* magazine. They were not tacked at random to our mud walls, scattered willy-nilly about the place. They were arranged with loving and artistic care and set off in their intimate little corner by generous quantities of white space to add to the effectiveness and beauty of the ensemble.

Every night after supper, if there was no chess game in the room and no movie in the mess hall, the sergeant would go to his pin-up corner, study the display and go to work rearranging it—a new line here, a startling montage there, a complete switch-about to replace Anita Colby with Ava Gardner as the day's special.

There was method in Sgt. Stein's madness. To him these were not merely pin-up girls, or Chinese water colors, or snapshots of home and family. They were dresses or sweaters or frothy lace undergarments, displayed to an appreciative and clothes-conscious world in Chasnoff's front window in Kansas City.

IN the summer evenings, when he waxed expansive over a cup of berry wine from Kweilin, Sgt. Stein used to love to tell the story of his last big deal in the Kansas City dress business.

Stein was happily working away as assistant manager of Chasnoff's, arranging lovelier window displays every day, giving his personal attention to such itinerant customers as Diana Barrymore and Ginny Simms, when suddenly into the fold came a wolf in the guise of the local manager of a large chain of dress shoppies.

"Stein," he said, "you are definitely making a waste of your time in this place. In our chain of dress shoppies the managers all got Cadillacs which they're so busy making money they ain't got time to ride in them. Come with us, my boy, you can be assistant manager a year or two and then we make you manager. How much?"

In a place with so many Cadillacs, Stein decided, a man would need a little more money. "Sixty," he said.

The manager laughed hastily. "You think you're a manager from the start? Forty-five."

"This is a busy day," said Stein. "Drop in on me again sometime."

Ten days later the chain-store manager telephoned. "All right, look," he said. "I am consulting the district manager all the way from Chicago. Maybe he will do it, maybe not."

The district manager, all the way from Chicago, made a special trip to Kansas City. "How much did you say?" he asked.

Stein was much impressed by this special attention. "Sixty-five," he said.

The district manager beat his forehead and left the store, muttering savage things to himself. Stein went back to his windows.

Another week passed and the district manager telephoned from Chicago. "Look," he said. "I think you got illusions from grandeur, but the president of the chain, all the way from New York, is coming to Kay See he should make an inspection. Him you can talk to!"

This to Stein was extremely impressive. It meant that even the president of the chain knew great talent when he saw it. Stein could see nothing but Cadillacs.

The president of the chain all the way from New York showed up at Chasnoff's. "Now, Mr. Stein," he said. "About this business of 65 a week just for an assistant manager——"

"Seventy-five," said Stein.

"Preposterous," said the president. "You think maybe you're the president of Nieman Marcus already?"

"I enjoyed seeing you," said Stein. "Good-bye."

"I'll think it over," said the president.

Ten days later, the president, all the way from New York, telegraphed the troublesome Mr. Stein in Kansas City. "I don't think we should do it," said the telegram, "but 75 you can have."

Stein wired back with great regret. "Can't take it. Have already accepted unexpected offer for steadier job."

The president of the chain almost had a stroke of apoplexy on that one. When he had calmed down sufficiently, he sent his last wire: "Hold everything. Who's made offer and how much?"

Stein's answering telegram was short but eloquent: "Starting work for Uncle at 21 a month."

STRICTLY G.I.

Homesteading Law

YANK ran a story some months ago about homesteading in Alaska, reporting that Congress was considering special provisions to make it easy for discharged veterans to stake out 160 acres of land for themselves.

Public Law No. 434, recently enacted, says that you can count your period of service in the military or naval forces, up to two years, as part of the three years' residence time required to own your own homestead. That means that if you've been in the armed forces for two years or more, you have to live on the ground you want for only seven months, the time regarded by the Government as fulfilling one year's residence.

If your time of service is more than 90 days but less than two years, every day you spend in uniform counts toward the three years you would otherwise have to live on the land.

There is also a special provision for men who have been discharged because of wounds or disability suffered in line of duty. They get two years' credit, on the theory that they would otherwise have remained in service that long.

These provisions apply not only to Alaska but to states that still have lands open for homesteading. You can find out whether your state has any such land available by writing to the General Land Office, Washington, D. C. Most land available in the States is suitable only for grazing, but there are many thousands of acres in Alaska that can be proved up for agricultural purposes.

AGF Reconversions

Excess personnel of other Army Ground Forces arms are now being shifted to the Infantry because of changing military requirements. These men are being retrained as basic riflemen for six weeks, with an additional six weeks for noncommissioned officers. AGF headquarters says that when noncoms of other arms are shifted to the Infantry because of the reconversion, every effort will be made to qualify them to keep their ratings and to do work similar to that they left. Excess Coast Artillery personnel are being converted into Field Artillerymen.

Discharge Emblem

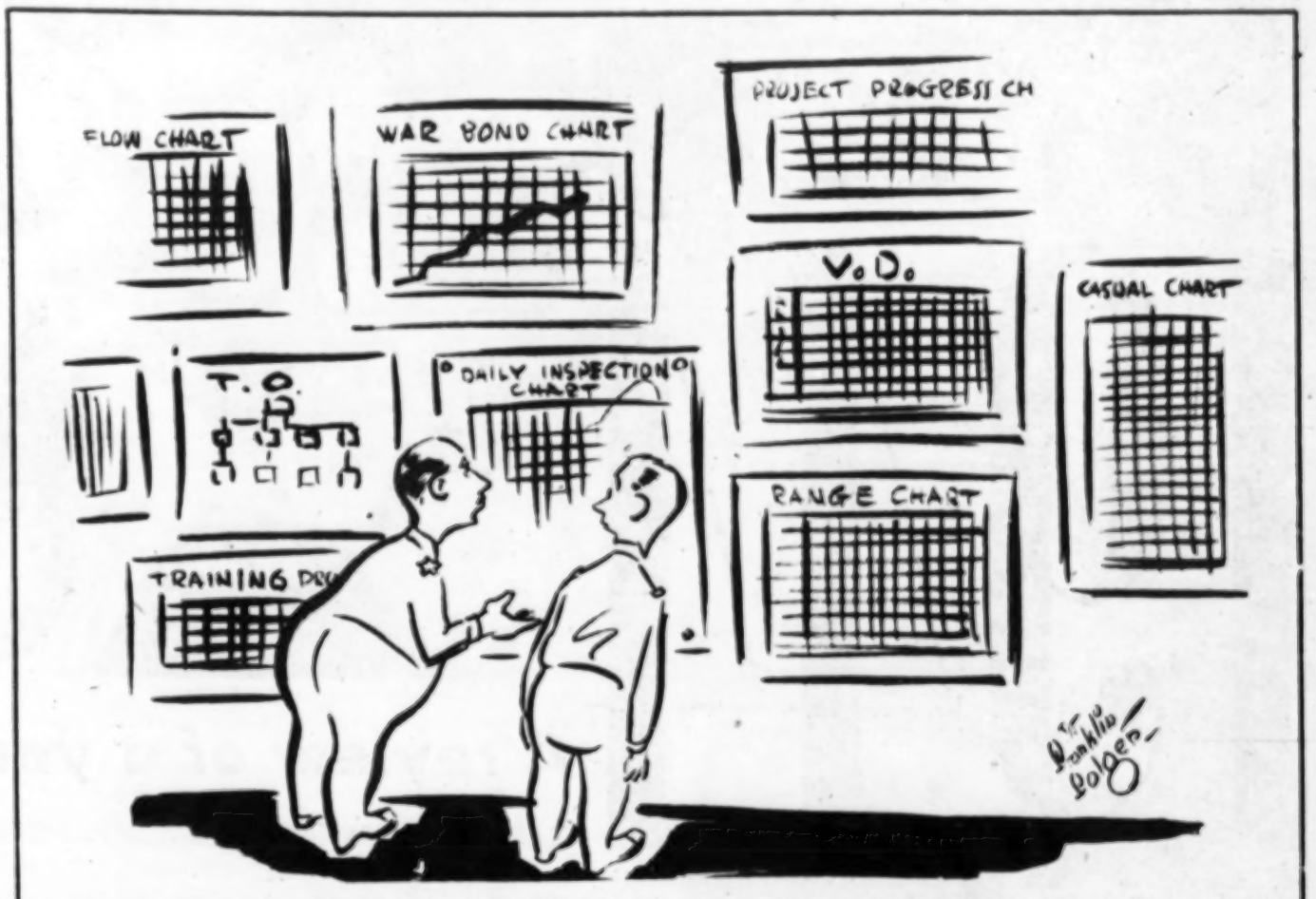
A new Honorable Discharge Emblem, a cloth device with the same design as the Honorable Service Lapel Button, has been adopted by the War and Navy Departments and will be worn on the uniform of all honorably discharged personnel. Worn as a badge of honor, it will be sewed above the right breast pocket of all outer uniform clothing at the time of discharge. (Honorably discharged personnel may wear their uniforms to their homes and thereafter at official ceremonies.) The basic design of the emblem will be embroidered in gold, with the background material varying to match the color of the uniform on which it is to be worn.

Released to War Plants

Because of the urgent need for more heavy artillery, artillery ammunition, tanks and military trucks, the WD has authorized the release of 1,000 men from active service to help relieve the manpower shortage in foundries and forge shops. The men will be selected from those who have the necessary experience and will go to their jobs as civilians. The Army will have no control over them, but they will be subject to recall to active duty if they quit their jobs or if they aren't needed at the jobs any more. No man will be released who is assigned to an Infantry unit, who is alerted for overseas duty or who is less than 30 years old.

102d Infantry Division

The 102d Infantry Division, recently revealed as fighting with the Ninth Army on the Western Front, is commanded by Brig. Gen. F. A. Keating. Activated in September 1942, it trained in Louisiana and Texas before shipping overseas.



"Now what I want is a chart that will show at a glance what charts we've got."

Washington OP

Post-War National Guard. Washington talk about possible plans for post-war compulsory military training, which may be considered in the new session of Congress, has raised the question about the place of the National Guard after the war. At a press conference, Secretary of War Stimson was asked whether the War Department considered retaining the National Guard as an element in our post-war Army and, if so, what functions it should have. Mr. Stimson told reporters: "It is the very definite belief of the War Department that the National Guard should continue as a reserve component of the Army of the United States." He declared that the importance of the National Guard in our peacetime Army would not be lessened by the enactment by Congress of a system of universal military training. "It would be the mission of this reserve component," the secretary said, "in the event of a national emergency, to furnish units fit for service anywhere in the world . . . trained and equipped to defend critical areas in this country against land, seaborne, or airborne invasion and to assist in covering the mobilization and concentration of the remainder of the reserve units. They would also be capable of integration, by units, into larger organizations or task forces." This conception of the mission of the National Guard, the secretary emphasized, would not interfere with the traditional function of the National Guard in the states and territories.

Eisenhower Emissaries. Twenty-seven GIs, "special emissaries" of Gen. Eisenhower sent from the front to give labor and management of the munitions industry first-hand information on the effects of the artillery ammunition shortage, were introduced at a press conference here by Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson. They told reporters that they could use five times the amount of ammo they were shooting. S/Sgt. Edward R. Bearden, of the 1st Infantry Division, a 155-mm man, told of the time the men of his section repelled a counterattack and then were told they could not fire for three days, in which time Jerry had plenty of time to dig in. T/Sgt. Alvin F. Jankowsky, from the 9th Division, said they were using three times the ammo they used in North Africa, due particularly to new wrinkles like night and day harassing fire which can keep Jerry patrols and battery fire with mortars at a minimum. And, he added, we must be tossing about 50 shells for three from the Germans.

Undersecretary Patterson told reporters that the shortage is the fault of neither management nor labor, but comes from the unexpectedly high demand developed with the landings in France.

The 27 GIs, chosen from the 1st and 9th Infantry and 3d Armored Divisions on the basis of their long front-line service, will tour plants, foundries and machine shops in five teams, covering 75 different cities in six weeks.

Bombing. The Army Air Forces, exhibiting a B-29 superbomber to the public for the first time at Washington's National Airport, made news by revealing that the bomb load is 10 tons and the fuel capacity 8,000 gallons. . . . At the same time, the OWI took the optimism out of citizens who think that Tokyo will burn like a tinder box. Tokyo, third largest city in the world, is among the best prepared against bombing. The Japanese have been terrified of earthquakes since the one in 1923 demolished half of the city, and they reconstructed a city to protect it against earthquake shocks and post-earthquake fires. Consequently, the OWI reports, Tokyo can withstand bombing similar to that visited upon Cologne or Berlin and remain operative.

Mule Carriers. The good old Army mule now has transports all of his own. The War Shipping Administration has announced the conversion of 13 Liberty ships and four other cargo vessels into mule carriers for use by the War Department. These luxury liners, fitted with special ramps, sick-bay stalls and forced ventilation systems, are another reminder that the mechanical age has not entirely triumphed in this war.

Stalls are built crossways of the ship, as experiments show that mules don't get seasick that way. There are also provisions for changing the size of the stalls, depending on what part of the country the mules come from; it seems that Missouri mules are bigger than the ones from Texas.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 E. 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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D-Day at Normandy found America at prayer. These are shipyard workers in Hoboken, N. J.

1944

A review of a year on the home front

AMERICA'S biggest event of 1944 didn't take place in America at all. It took place on the beaches of Normandy on June 6.

Preparations for June 6 had been the biggest thing in the nation's life in the five months of 1944 preceding the invasion of France, and the consequences of what happened on June 6 overshadowed everything that occurred in the seven months following.

For wartime America, 1944 was the year of the pay-off. When A-Day in the Philippines came 4½ months after D-Day, the home front said: "Now things are really moving."

For a time the home front thought things were moving faster than they actually were. The optimism that followed the liberation of Paris and the dashing of false hopes that began when the Germans put up desperate resistance at the Reich's borders formed one of the major chapters in the 1944 story.

To GIs back from overseas, the U. S. in 1944 did not seem, at first glance, any different from the U. S. in 1943 or even 1940. New York and St. Louis were as unlike Naples, say, as Naples was unlike any actual front.

The countryside looked the same. Nature was kind to America in 1944, though in the spring there were floods in the Mid-West and tornadoes in 14 states from South Carolina to Texas. In the fall a hurricane, not so damaging as that of 1938, hit the Northeast. For wartime, the nation's health was considered excellent, though in many sections there was a serious polio epidemic.

But if on the surface there were few scars, internally there were hurts. When the year began, total casualties were around 130,000 (killed, 28,573; wounded, 41,110; missing, 33,416; prisoners, 27,672). When the year ended, total casualties were well over 500,000 (killed, 114,291; wounded, 275,654; missing, 64,337; prisoners, 58,966), affecting that many families at home as well as that many men and women in uniform. America was part of the war.

In the year's first month, Walter Lippmann put it this way: "Let no one think that the war can be so divorced from domestic issues that we can ask men to face death in battle, and on the home front can have politics-as-usual, special-interests-as-usual, or any of our ordinary materialistic, acquisitive, ambitious habits-as-usual. That is not enough. . . ."

Most observers would agree that the home front did not always dispense with the various usuals. There were bad spots on the record, but there was always someone to point them out and successfully urge Americans to do better. In the crises, the nation behaved well. When D-Day came, America saluted it with prayers rather than hoorays. The war bill—$250 million a day, the President said—was cheerfully footed. While manufacture of some critical items lagged at the year's end, war production as a whole broke world's records. In ships, in steel, in planes, in aluminum, the output was especially good.

At least once during the year—on Nov. 7, Election Day—it was a source of pride that in the midst of war the nation could carry on as in peacetime. The Presidential election, the first during a foreign war since 1812, temporarily brought out deep bitterness, but it disclosed that in matters of government Americans were as free and independent as ever.

After the ballots were counted, all Americans acknowledged the victory of the Democratic ticket headed by President Roosevelt and U. S. Sen. Harry S. Truman of Missouri over the Republican ticket headed by Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York and Gov. John W. Bricker of Ohio. National unity was the post-election keynote.

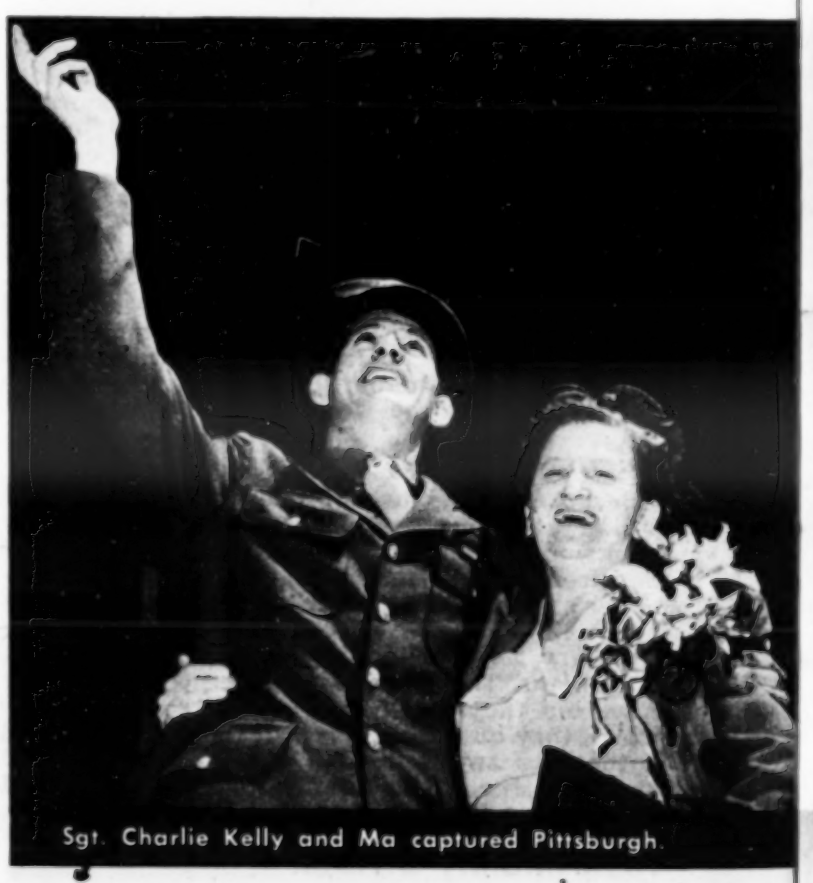
Even in the campaign's hottest moments, the war had been a brake, if a loose one, on partisanship. The candidates of both parties strove to come to an understanding on foreign-policy issues. Never had foreign policy ranked so high in U. S. interest. In 1944 many Americans said: "The peace mustn't be lost after the war is won."

The death of 52-year-old Wendell L. Willkie at the campaign's height caused a sorrow that sprang at least in part from the fact that Mr. Willkie, who never held public office, had identified himself with those seeking to make the "one world" a peaceful, prosperous world.

A series of inter-government conferences held in the U. S. during the year demonstrated America's hope of winning a durable peace and the nation's great and growing place in world affairs. There was an international meeting on post-war financial policy at Bretton Woods, N. H. A meeting to form an international security organization was held at Dumbarton Oaks, Washington, D. C. An international post-war civil aviation conference met at Chicago.

Just how far the U. S. should go toward world cooperation remained an issue for coming years to settle, but as one observer put it, the nation was aware that for peace's sake the future might require a "Declaration of Interdependence."

The nation had its eye on the future quite a lot during 1944. In late August, after Paris fell, the New York *Times* declared: "The prospects of peace were challenging America last week." To the home front, geographically remote from the Siegfried Line, peace seemed possible with autumn's wind and rain. Even an unidentified Army "spokesman" was quoted as saying the war might end by Oct. 1. People excitedly debated how "hard" a peace the Germans deserved to get, and while it was agreed that Japan hadn't been beaten, everybody thought the next Congress would be largely concerned with matters like reconverting U. S. industry to peacetime production, assuring an ample supply of jobs, disposing of war surpluses and arranging our relations with the post-war world.



Sgt. Charlie Kelly and Ma captured Pittsburgh.

The voters decided in November that the next Congress should be strongly Democratic and, it appeared, somewhat more internationalist in outlook than the Congress of 1944. The 1944 Congress and the Administration had often quarreled. Early in the year, Congress rejected the President's proposal for a universal-service draft. Later it drastically altered Administration plans for easing workers from wartime to post-war jobs, and there was a break between the White House and the Senate majority leader, Sen. Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, when the President vetoed a tax bill on the ground that it didn't raise enough money. By way of protesting the President's veto Mr. Barkley resigned his Senate post. Shortly he and Mr. Roosevelt made it up, and Mr. Barkley remained as majority leader.

The President lost two of his closest war-policy advisers during the year. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, a former GOP nominee for Vice President who came into the cabinet in 1940, died at 70, and ill health forced the resignation of 73-year-old Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Both places were filled by Undersecretaries—James A.

Franklin D. Roosevelt retained his title.

Forrestal becoming Mr. Knox's successor and Edward R. Stettinius Jr. succeeding Mr. Hull.

There were changes, too, in one of the most important war agencies — the War Production Board. After a public quarrel over how far and fast reconversion should go, Chairman Donald M. Nelson and Vice Chairman Charles E. Wilson both resigned. Mr. Nelson stayed in the Government to advise Mr. Roosevelt on world-production matters and later was sent on a mission to China. Mr. Wilson returned to General Electric. Youthful J. A. Krug—"Cap" to Washington circles—returned from the Mediterranean and resigned a Navy commission to take the Nelson job.

Not often during the year, though, did home-front matters get a bigger play on the radio and in the press than did war-front matters. In 1944, history was made every 24 hours, and Americans made a lot of it. The majority of those making history, however, were a long way from home. The nation, knowing this, kept its eyes strained and its ears peeled for word from places like Leyte and Strasbourg and Saipan and Pisa.

For Veterans

THE U. S. population in 1944 was estimated at 136 million. Of these, nearly 12 million were in uniform, and though the exact figure was secret, probably around half were overseas. Without much question the main hope of the majority of both service personnel and civilians centered on the day when uniforms wouldn't be so plentiful.

The War Department announced an over-all demobilization plan, and Congress looked toward demobilization by passing the so-called GI Bill of Rights. This provided Government guarantee of loans to veterans seeking to buy homes, farms and small businesses. It also provided construction of hospitals for the disabled and aid for veterans in search of further education. With more than a million service members already released for wounds and other causes, the Bill of Rights got a preliminary testing in 1944. The educational provisions appeared to work pretty smoothly; the loan-guarantee provisions were somewhat slow to be applied.

Congress earlier had laid down the principle, in the Selective Service Act, that a veteran was entitled to his old job. This law, too, was tested and discussed among Government officials, employers and the labor unions. A large percentage of veterans, it was estimated, wouldn't care whether the idea was practical or not; many a soldier and sailor wanted a brand-new job.

The most controversial issue affecting service personnel was the Federal soldier-vote bill, over which Congress wrangled for weeks. The upshot was a compromise law, which the President let pass without his signature. It provided that a soldier could vote a special Federal ballot if his state called it valid and didn't mail him a state war ballot in time for use. Several millions in the armed services took part in the election.

Americans were offered an extraordinary number of articles, books, plays and movies dealing with the veteran and his problems. Some of these offerings seemed more shallow than helpful, but they appeared to show that the public's heart was in the right place.

Labor's Year

THE men and women of the war factories—some 22 million in all—were much in the public's thoughts. They drew praise, along with management, for meeting big production quotas. They showed their influence through such organizations as the CIO's Political Action Committee. Some of them were criticized for violating the national unions' no-strike pledge and, toward the year's end, for drifting from the war plants into nonessential jobs. All year, shortage of manpower was one of industry's main headaches.

Death played the Big Top at Hartford, Conn.

As 1944 opened, the Government took over the $28-billion railroad industry to prevent a threatened strike over wages. For 22 days the Army operated the roads, then turned them back to the owners after members of the unions were granted raises of 9 to 11 cents an hour.

The year's two most spectacular strikes came in Chicago and Philadelphia. The Philadelphia strike involved 6,000 transit workers who walked out after the Fair Employment Practices Committee ordered the upgrading of eight Negro employees. Until the Army took over, production in the busy Philadelphia area sagged as much as 70 percent. The Army was also called in to take over the Chicago facilities of the great mail-order house of Montgomery Ward. More than 4,000 Ward workers quit after the company failed to follow a War Labor Board directive for recognition of their union. The goings-on at Ward's started a national controversy because the firm's president, Sewell Avery, challenged the Government's right to seize the plant. His name and face became famous when he was photographed while being carried from his office by a pair of GIs in helmets.

Both the AFL and the CIO had a year-long debate with the Government over the Little Steel Formula, limiting wage increases to 15 percent above January 1941 levels. Labor contended that higher wages were in order because the cost of living had risen more than 15 percent since then. The Government, acknowledging a 25-to-30-percent cost-of-living raise, approved piecemeal wage hikes, but the issue, involving the far-reaching question of inflation, was unsettled.

Post-war problems gave union leaders much concern. Troubled by employment prospects, they pointed out that the Government was expected to have a $130-billion surplus of goods, plants and facilities at the war's close—a surplus that might reduce the need for labor. Philip Murray, the CIO's president, seemed to reflect the thinking of numbers of working men and women when he said: "Why can't we plan for peace as we planned for war? Why can't government and management and labor get together and put down on a chart how many sewing machines and refrigerators and automobiles have to be produced to maintain the highest possible employment after the war?"

Another thing that worried some union leaders was labor's relations with servicemen and women. Some leaders appeared to feel that these relations could be better.

Entertainment

DESPITE taxes and War Loan drives, plenty of money was loose in the nation. Since consumers couldn't buy many things common in peacetime, all branches of the entertainment industry had a bonanza year. Radio, the theater, the movies, the circus and the night clubs suffered from a scarcity of able-bodied males. There was no discernible scarcity of females with able bodies. Bent on giving the public what it is supposed to want, the industry went in for the type of entertainment called escapist.

Two of Hollywood's biggest money-makers—"Going My Way" (Bing Crosby) and "Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (Betty Hutton)—mentioned the war only in passing. Even the book trade, which had the most profitable year in its history, noted that its two best-selling novels—"Forever Amber" (Kathleen Winsor) and "Strange Fruit" (Lillian Smith)—had nothing to do with the war. Both works were banned in Boston, though not for failure to mention Pearl Harbor.

Tin Pan Alley again failed to produce a war song comparable to "Over There," and the juke boxes ground out ballads like "I'll Walk Alone," "Trolley Song" and "Swinging on a Star." Of all the crooners, Frank Sinatra continued to have the most noticeable effect on female hearers. Generally, old-timers dominated the scene.

The entertainment field (not to mention men overseas) probably got its biggest surprise when Postmaster General Frank Walker banned *Esquire* magazine and the Varga girl from second-class mailing privileges for being "obscene." Entertainment's greatest tragedy was the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus fire, which took 168 lives in Hartford, Conn.

Sports

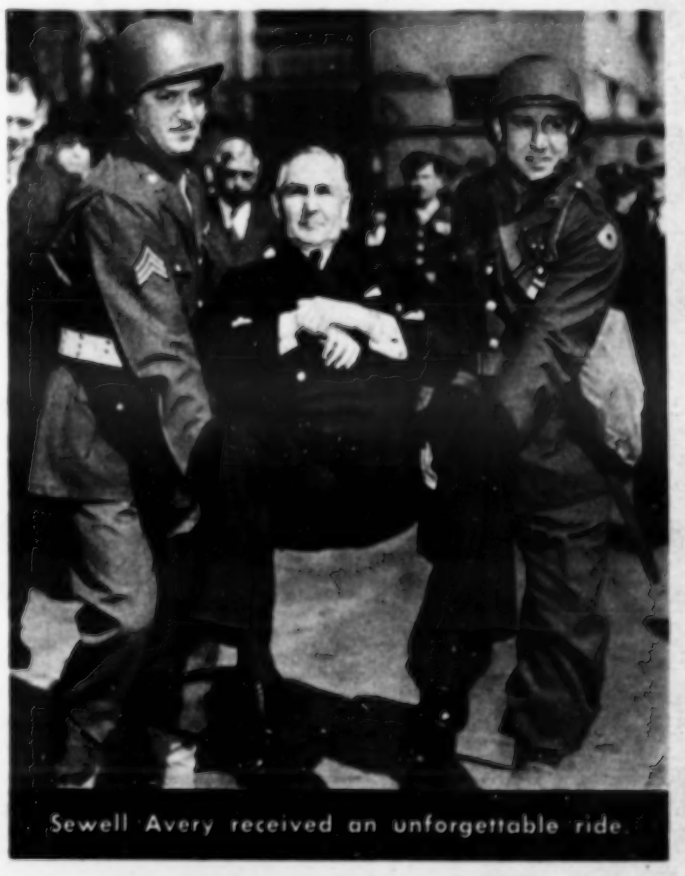
MOST coaches and promoters had not dared hope that sports would survive a third war year so well. Football had a bigger season than in 1943. There were more teams, particularly in the South. In Los Angeles, a mob of 90,019 sat in on the UCLA-Southern Cal game, and 83,627 saw the Illinois-Ohio State game at Cleveland. Appropriately the top football team was Army.

Baseball was strictly of the 4-F variety, but the customers seemed to like it. The red-hot pennant race in the American League between the Browns and the Tigers gave the game some of its pre-war excitement. Baseball's biggest loss was the death of its whip-cracking czar, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

Horse racing had the biggest boom of any sport. Betting records were smashed at New York and Maryland tracks. Horse of the year was Twilight Tear, a 3-year-old filly. Boxing, basketball, track and swimming fared well enough and managed to produce such champions as Ann Curtis and Alan Ford, record-breaking swimmers; Gil Dodds, a 4.06.4 miler; Buddy Young, 9.4 sprinter in the 100-yard dash, and Byron Nelson, a golfer of pre-war vintage.

Odds & Ends

VENUS RAMEY, 19, won the title of Miss America of 1944 at Atlantic City. A secretary, she was entered as "Miss Washington, D. C." Her measurements: Height, 5 feet 7; weight, 125 pounds; bust, 36½ inches; hips, 37½. . . . Clark Gable went on inactive duty from the AAF, and Ernie Pyle came back from covering the European war to rest up before covering the Pacific. . . . Charles Chaplin was indicted and acquitted



Sewell Avery received an unforgettable ride.

on a Mann Act charge, was sued in a paternity case by Joan Berry, married 19-year-old Oona O'Neill and became a father—all in the same year. . . . The divorce suits of Doris Duke Cromwell and James H. R. (Jimmy) Cromwell got into Nevada and New Jersey courts and became too complicated for anybody but their lawyers to follow.

A newspaper startled its readers by running this perfectly accurate headline, MARINE CORPORAL A BRIDE. . . . The following want-ad was run in a Dixon (Calif.) newspaper: "Owner of a truck would like to correspond with a widow who owns two tires. Send pictures of tires." . . . Sgt. Dudley Sargent declared in Denver, Colo.: "I spend the greater portion of my monthly income maintaining civilian morale." . . . In overcrowded Los Angeles, Calif., a reporter, arriving with police at a murder scene, asked the landlady whether he could rent the victim's room. She said: "I already rented it to that police sergeant." . . . Ralph E. Mosher, elected a Maine state senator on the Democratic and Republican tickets, listed campaign expenses of 18 cents, including 10 cents for a beer "to relax tension."

Deaths of 1944. Sen. Charles L. McNary, 69 years old, 1940 GOP candidate for Vice-President. . . . Alfred E. Smith, 70, former governor of New York and 1928 Democratic candidate for President. . . . Mrs. Herbert Hoover, 69, wife of the only living ex-President. . . . Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith, 80, U. S. senator from South Carolina. . . . William Cardinal O'Connell, 86, of Boston. . . . Marguerite Alice (Missy) Lehand, 47, former secretary to President Roosevelt. . . . Irvin S. Cobb, 67, humorist. . . . Aimee Semple McPherson, 54, evangelist. . . . Harold Bell Wright, 72, novelist. . . . William Allen White, 75, Emporia (Kans.) editor. . . . Gus Sonnenberg, 44, former wrestler, in the Navy. . . . Roger Bresnahan, 69, former New York Giants catcher, known to fans as the "Duke of Tralee." . . . Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, 61, former commanding general, Army Ground Forces, in France, and his son, Col. Douglas C. McNair, 37, on Guam. . . . And, also on foreign ground and also in uniform, thousands of other Americans killed helping to save "the sum of things."

Colleen Townsend

YANK

Pin-up Girl

The Poets Cornered

How Sleep the Brave

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

—WILLIAM COLLINS

This poem was written in 1746, when England was engaged in "King George's War" with the French.

THAT'S HOW I'M WITHOUT YOU

Like a fish without gills,
Like a nurse without pills,
  That's how I'm without you.
Like a fleet without boats,
Like a song without notes,
  That's how I'm without you.
Oh darling, all my success will be less, I'll confide.
I'm just a mess when you're not by my side.
Picture war without noise,
Picture kids without toys,
  That's how I'm without you.

Like a show minus girls,
Like a court without earls,
  That's how I'm without you.
Like a school without books,
Like Lamour without looks,
  That's how I'm without you.
Oh baby, Hedy Lamarr would be tame, I would bet,
Compared to the thrill of that night we met.
Think of Hope without howls,
Picture guys without gals,
  That's how I'm without you.

Camp Bowie, Tex. —T-4 JAY M. GOLDBERG

ODE TO NEW GUINEA

As a soldier in the service
I was feeling rather nervous
  When they told us very likely
  We were soon to meet the foe.
Soon the vicious rumors started
And our course was ofttimes charted,
Though we hardly had departed
  From the camp we all loved so;
  Only then we loved it so.

Eighteen days of blue Pacific,
Then an island loomed specific
  And that night we slipped our anchor
  Just inside the harbor's door.
There were MPs to direct us
And a general to inspect us
With some dump trucks to collect us
  As we leaped upon the shore!
  Made a beachhead on the shore!

Soon our fighting spirit failed us
As we left the ship that sailed us
  And we bounced through muddy jungles
  To our new mysterious home.
Liquid sunshine was the weather
As we huddled all together
Wondering if and when or whether
  We had rather not succumb,
  Wishing that we could succumb.

Ah, New Guinea, how I love thee
And those wet clouds right above thee
  And the dust that tried to blind us
  When the sun came shining through!
There will be no want or famine
Long as Uncle Sam has salmon;
Bully beef in us he's crammin',
  Powdered eggs and ration stew!
  Atabrine and cabbage, too!

How my draft board must be sweating
When they see their own names getting
  Near the ones that are replacing
  Casualty lists that grow.
Over here in dear New Guinea
I got very thin and skinny
And the doctor wept so when he
  Told me soon I'd have to go,
  Told me home I'd have to go!

How my eyes were burning, smarting,
As I saw the ship was starting,
  Taking me far from the island
  I had learned to call my home.
Soon my stomach was offending,
Turning over and unbending,
And the food I ate was ending
  In the blue Pacific's foam;
  Feeding fishes in the foam.

Now those days are gone forever,
Mem'ries time can never sever,
  And the thought of them now moves me
  Till I cannot stay the tears.
As I sit at home and ponder
On that South Sea island's wonder
I can hear its story thunder
  Still among my souvenirs,
  Haunting me down through the years.

—S/Sgt. ROBERT C. ELLENWOOD

Bruns General Hospital, N. Mex.

THE SONGS OF ORPHEUS

IV. The Still City in the Moonlight

This is France.
This is the war.
This is the three thousand miles away
From the classic days of childhood,
From the dusty spring afternoons
Playing ball in the back lot,
From the whistling ball bouncing away
From the shining bat and skipping toward third
Out of the pitcher's reach,
From the long, futile slide into first
And the spiked defeat trying to make second,
From catching the high flies
And knocking one over the fence
On the last swing;

From going to the opera with the girl
Whose father played the second violin in the orchestra,
And the cold, sweet winter night in our faces,
Walking home after the long last act;
From the ballets and the concerts,
The juke boxes and the jam sessions,
Carnegie Hall and the Paramount,
From the plays and films;
From youth's profoundly long-winded denunciations
Of this and that,
And the breathless child's worship
Of this and that;

From reading Thomas Wolfe until four in the morning;
From the teachers, the debates, the books,
The notes, the questions, the answers,
The questions that had no answers
And the answers that came before the questions,
From all the swift little question marks
Bouncing like blunt darts off the classroom walls
To lie unpolished on the floor
In the dust.

When the cloud passes,
The moon appears
And the ink of night
Runs off into the long shadows,
Creeping down the alleys
Making the windows gleam,
So that the little squares
Are dotted with shifting eyes
And the park becomes a motionless drapery
Over the windows of the world.

But it is the silence
We'll never forget.
The silence that jerks the finger to the trigger,
Keeping it there,
Trembling and wet.
The silence that comes after the bell in the smashed tower
Moans ten times
And says no more.
The silence of the vacuum burial of sound,
The epitaph of sweet noise,
When you know that it will not ring again for an hour.
The silence that counts the ticking of your jumping heart.

Gently, foreigner.
Softly, O warrior from cities
That are never dark or still.
(Remember when you roamed the thoroughfares of home?
Remember the crescendo of the subway
And the blaze of midnight lights?
The ecstasy of traffic?
Ah, Broadway in the rain!)

This is strange, is it not,
O twitching hunter,
This crawling in the gutters,
Your little weapon tight
Against your pounding chest,
Your eight glittering bullets posed
As phantom sentinels
There in the empty night
Where the building lays its roof
Against the sky?

Make your prayer to the nothingness of sky.
Sing your hymn to the white darkness.
O Gods, squatting in the silent moonlight,
When it comes—
The whistle and the puff
That will shift the course of my blood
And lay me out in the puddles—
Let me see just long enough
To answer back:
For I am a man
And cannot die.
Not yet.

France —Cpl. JOHN M. BEHM

AMONG other things, Colleen Townsend is very healthy; in fact, so much so that the National Pharmacy Committee once named her Miss Vitamin, U.S.A. after a competition with 39 other fine female physical specimens. When she isn't taking her vitamins, Colleen works for the Warner Bros. Her new picture is "Hollywood Canteen."

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Joe White and the Seven Dwarfs

ONCE upon a time, on a beautiful winter day, a tough detail sergeant sat at an open orderly-room window, thumbing through a duty roster. The wishes of the men named on this roster must have come true, because the hard-boiled sergeant cut his finger and the blood dripped on the snow. The blood looked so pretty on the snow as he gazed at it that he thought to himself: "Oh, how I wish that I had an orderly-room clerk with flaming red hair who could keep books as neat and clean as the snow; one who would be so proficient in taking care of an orderly room that I could spend half of my time in a PX and never be missed."

Soon after that a private named Joe White, who had flaming red hair, was transferred into the orderly room as a clerk. He was such a wizard with the detail sheet, the ration list, the permanent A-card file and the business of keeping perennial gripers out of the CO's office that they nicknamed him "Four Hands." After a year had gone by, the detail sergeant was discharged from the Army because of excessive dandruff and a new sergeant replaced him.

The new man was Sgt. Buck Ingg and he was an extremely jealous person. When he saw what good work Joe was doing he became very apprehensive about the table of organization. Now this sergeant had a wonderful mirror in his room and when he stood in front of it and said,

"Mirror, mirror, under the light,
Who is smarter, me or White?"

the mirror answered,

"Right now it may be you,
But White has a higher IQ."

The sarge was content; he knew that the mirror spoke the truth.

But Joe, sensing the competition, started to take an Army mail course and improved so much that even classification started to talk. Becoming panicky, Buck ran to the mirror and asked,

"Mirror, mirror, under the light,
Now who's smarter, me or White?"

It replied,

"Oh sarge, you think you're sharp as a dirk,
But compared to White you're just a jerk."

This answer startled and angered Buck and from then on he hated Joe with all the intensity of an insanely jealous man. Through the process of pulling the CO's elbow, which brought the CO's ear right in line with Buck's poisonous tongue, he managed to convey the thought that Joe had body odor and was driving the rest of the office crazy. So Joe was sent to the firing range as a semi-skilled target-puller.

Out on the firing range were seven dwarfs, who were permanent party and took care of the pits and the targets. They lived in one large pyramidal tent and did their own cooking. Though each of the dwarfs was only five feet tall, their draft boards evidently had quotas to meet and had scraped the bottom of the barrel. All the dwarfs had washed out as tail gunners and now they were considered the ideal type for pit men.

When Joe reported to the pits for duty and saw the seven dwarfs, he was frightened. But they were very friendly. Joe told them about the jealous sergeant who had put the skids under his shoes and had him railroaded to the pits like a baby rattlesnake. Then the seven dwarfs asked: "Will you look after our tent and cook for us and keep the pits policed up, so that we will never be gigged by the inspectors? If so, you may stay with us, and sometime we will help you even the count with the nasty sergeant." "Yes," said Joe, "with all my heart." And so he stayed with them and kept the place so tidy that the base CO awarded him a Little Oscar for being the best detail man in Louisiana.

During his spare time Joe did a lot of practicing with his carbine, and soon the dwarfs were comparing him to Daniel Boone and William Tell. Some time later a letter was put up on the bulletin board declaring that the most proficient marksman on the base would be sent to OCS. Sgt. Ingg, who had run a shooting gallery at Coney Island, thought he was a cinch to be the winner. When the orderly-room personnel reported to the range, Joe White and the seven dwarfs were ready with a master plan.

As Buck stepped up to take his turn he looked as confident as a leopard facing an ordinary house cat. But below in the pits, his downfall had already been plotted. "Lock and load!" came the cry. "The flag is up—the flag is waving—the flag is down. Fire!" Lying, sitting, squatting, kneeling and standing, the sarge went through the whole routine like a veteran. When his score came up, Buck looked like a man who had swallowed a live frog and he began to sputter like a defective firecracker. Out of 40 shots the dreaded Maggie's Drawers showed up 39 times. Although Buck protested vehemently that he had been framed, he was laughed into silence.

Suddenly Joe emerged from the pits and asked permission from the range officer to take his turn in the contest. As he fired, the seven dwarfs sat in the pits grinning like Cheshire cats. When his score appeared, a gasp of amazement ran through the GIs as they saw the incredible total of 40 bull's-eyes appear. A terrific roar was heard in the sky and, as the crowd craned their necks, a B-29 landed on the field. Out stepped the commanding general, his brass shining like a super Christmas tree. He walked right up to Joe White and said: "You are hereby chosen to attend OSC. Come with me now."

As Joe was carried to the plane in triumph on the shoulders of the seven dwarfs, the evil sergeant let out an ear-piercing scream and fell to the floor in a dead faint. The last heard from him was that he had a private padded room in the psychoneurosis ward of the base hospital, where this story was written.

De Ridder AAB, La. —Pvt. ROBERT YEAGER

WISHFUL THINKING

"The war's all over," some have said,
Vainly from hope to hope commuting;
But they should get this through their head:
The war's all over but the shooting.

OCS, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —O/C A. L. CROUCH

DUST ON MY SHOES

There is brown dust on my shoes,
It fills the weather cracks—
American dust raised by restless feet.

My friend had shoes much the same,
But the waves washed away the dust that night,
They washed the sands that trickled through
His loose fingers.

My friend once said he loved the soil,
The harvest growth.
Even in death his hands sank beneath the sand
As if he were holding it,
For when they found him
It trickled through his fingers
And carried his blood to the sea.

I think my friend must have felt the sand
And smiled when he thought of home soil;
I think my friend thought of harvesttime
That last moment,
And wondered when he would see the crop
Or cut the earth with a singing plow.

I shall remember my friend
And all men who wait for harvesttime,
Who yearn for home soil.
I shall not clean my shoes this night,
They are covered with brown dust
That fills the weather cracks—
American dust raised by restless feet.

Camp Butner, N. C. —T-5 STAN FLINK

FLORIDA, 1944

There lies the town, a mile or so away,
Framed like a Turner's "Venice," dimly seen
In colors that have blended with the bay,
Shining and silent in its bluish green.
A sea gull swoops, then coasts on lazy wing;
Sand flies and gnats whirl madly in the sun;
A patient spider at the tent pole's ring
Broods on the emptiness of web long spun.
So, too, the little world I call my soul—
Drowsy with patience for a garland thrown—
Given a portion but denied the whole,
Given a fraction but denied the one.
For only a gift of laureled words could thrill
My thoughts, now motionless in air and still.

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Sgt. KEITH B. CAMPBELL

PX

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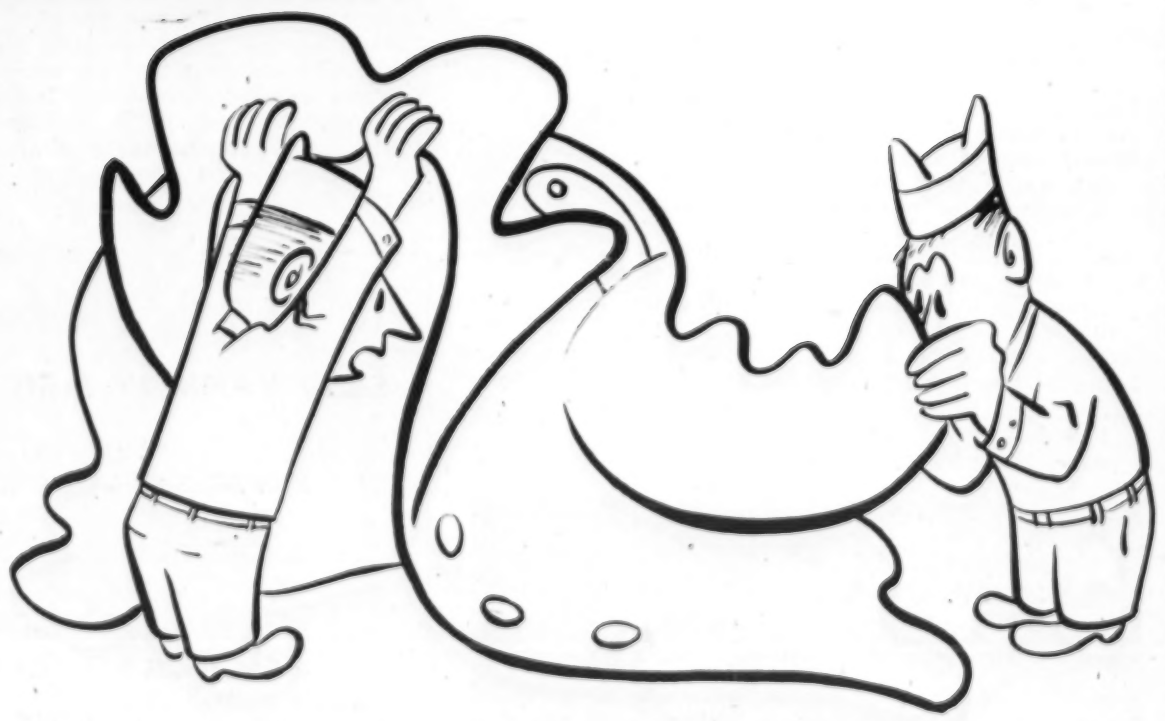
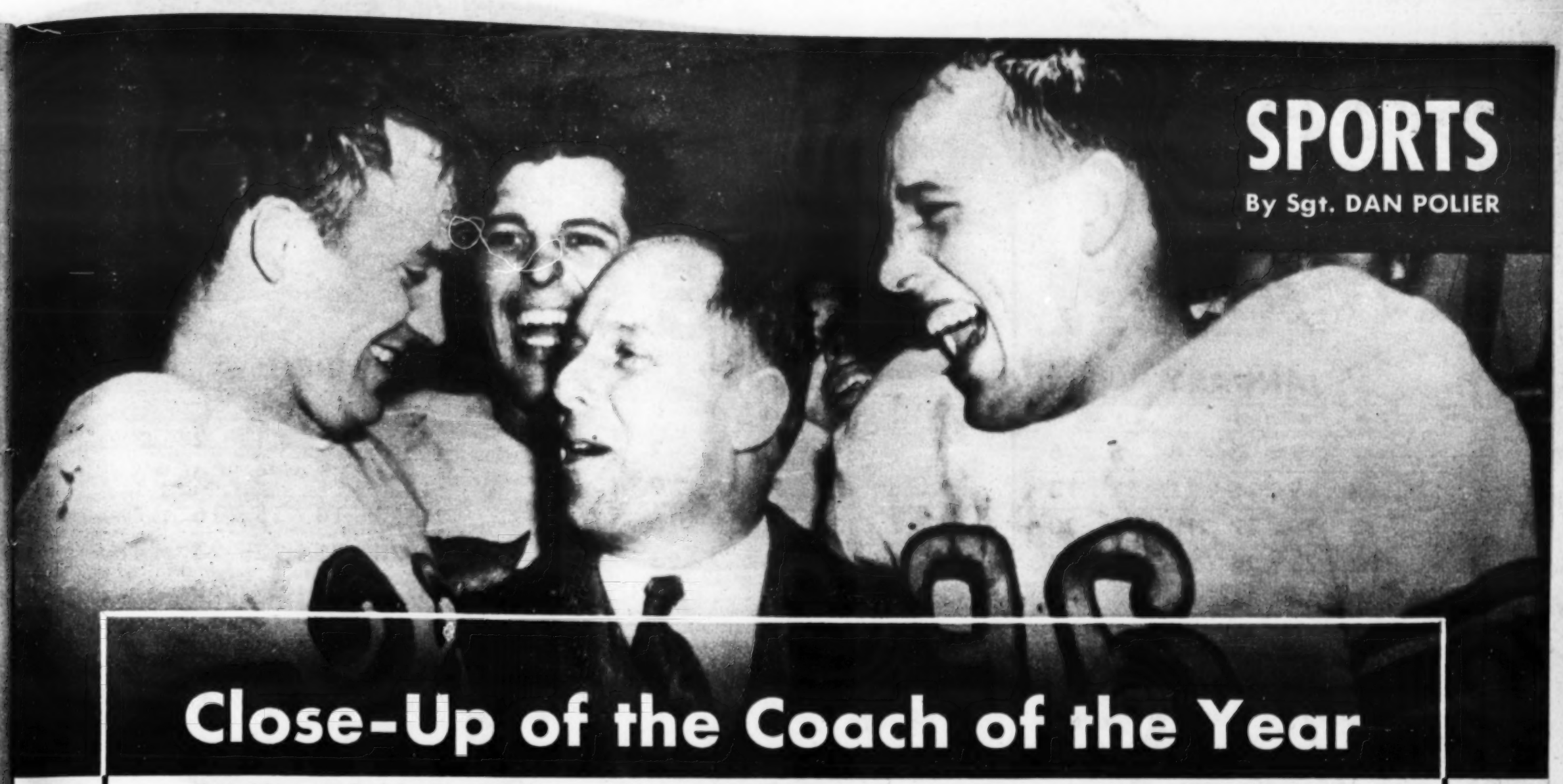
"Let's try it in Old English!"
—Sgt. Sidney Landi, Fort Bliss, Tex.



"I just had him try it on for size. He must be here somewhere."
—Pfc. Henry Syverson, Buckley Field, Colo.



SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Close-Up of the Coach of the Year

Flanked by quarterback Les Horvath (left) and guard Bill Hackett, Coach Carroll Widdoes lets off some victory steam after beating Michigan.

WHEN Paul Brown, Ohio State's successful young coach, moved out of Columbus last spring to join the Navy, the Buckeye alumni asked him to name his successor and hopefully thought he would pick a prominent coach. Brown crossed them up. He reversed his field and gave them the name of his assistant, Carroll Widdoes, a man who had never been a head coach anywhere.

If you know anything about the Ohio State alumni, you'll know that they didn't exactly welcome Widdoes with outstretched arms. These Buckeyes are a vociferous group of quarterbacks who not only want to win but expect to win. The plain fact was, they accepted Widdoes only because it was Brown's wish for them to do so.

Today these skeptical quarterbacks are busy celebrating their first unbeaten season since 1920 and congratulating themselves on the peerless selection of the unknown Widdoes. But Widdoes deserves more than just a delayed vote of confidence from the alumni. He clearly turned out the coaching job of the year with Ohio State's 17-year-old civilians. Ohio State wasn't a great team, or even an average Big Ten championship team. It was a good fast, young team that won simply because it was well-coached and had a superb quarterback in Leslie Horvath.

Widdoes is no newcomer to the coaching business. He was coaching football, track, basketball and teaching general science at Massillon (Ohio) Junior High School when Paul Brown was only a sophomore at Miami University. In 1934, when Brown became head coach at Massillon High, his first choice as lieutenant was Widdoes, a man six years his senior. They did well at Massillon. So well that Ohio State beckoned to Brown to take over as head coach. And Massillon beckoned to Widdoes, and offered him Brown's old portfolio as head coach. But Widdoes refused, saying that his place was with Brown. When Brown went into the Navy, Widdoes stepped into a job he never had dreamed he'd some day hold.

The first time they met, Widdoes and Brown were instantly attracted to each other. Mrs. Widdoes says they ate nearly every meal together so they could have a chance to talk football. This year when Brown brought his Great Lakes team to Columbus they had lunch together before the game and dinner after the game. The meals were only an excuse to talk more football. They sketched plays on all the available tablecloth space and arranged the silverware in the patterns of the single wing and T formation.

Football has been almost a religion to these two. An incident back in Massillon provides a classic example. Widdoes was sent on a two-day scouting trip to Davenport, Iowa, and Steubenville, Ohio. After looking over the Davenport team on Friday night, he discovered he couldn't make a train connection to get him in Steubenville in time for the game Saturday. He called Brown and said he would have to make the trip by plane.

"It's all right for you to take a plane," Brown said, "but for heaven's sake, mail back those scout reports. We can't take a chance on anything happening to those reports."

A small stocky man of 41, Widdoes looks very much like Lt. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle. He has a warm personality but he doesn't bubble. "They tell me I'm not colorful," he says, "but I don't really care." He is a deeply religious man who doesn't smoke or drink. He was born of missionary parents in the Philippines and came to the States when he was 14 to attend a church school at Lebanon, Ohio. His parents were captured when the Philippines fell and he has yet to hear from them.

At Massillon, he used to take his wife along on scouting trips because "she knew what she saw." Mrs. Widdoes charts plays for him and knows as much about the Ohio State team as anybody on the coaching staff. They have three boys, ages 15, 12 and 5. The oldest was a sub quarterback on the North High City Champions this fall. Right now he's bigger at 145 pounds than Widdoes was when he played halfback at little Otterbein College.

Off or on the field, Widdoes is a reserved, naturally reticent man. Usually before a game he goes down to the gym and plays a game of handball. The only time he showed any outward signs of nervousness was before the championship game with Michigan. He was standing in front of his automobile talking free and easy about a lot of unrelated matters when suddenly something hit him. He paused a moment, then said: "I know I'm nervous when I talk my head off like this."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Capt. Footsy Britt, the ex-Detroit Lion end who fought virtually a one-man war in Italy, now has the Distinguished Service Cross to go with his Congressional Medal of Honor and Silver Star. He's the first triple medal winner of this war. . . . That big Cadillac **Bobby Riggs** is driving around Honolulu was won in a crap game. . . . You might remember **Brig. Gen. Rosy O'Donnell,** leader of one of the B-29 strikes on Tokyo, as a slender halfback on the West Point team that whipped a Rockne-coached Notre Dame eleven, 27-0. . . . The Army's plans for **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** have changed again. He's going to the Pacific instead of taking a rehabilitation job. . . . Add the name of Wisconsin's **Harry Stuhldreher** to the overseas coaches' line-up.

The record books list **Kinrei Matsuyama,** a Jap pool-parlor operator, as the U. S. National three-cushion billiards champion. He won the title in 1934. . . . **Pvt. Beau Jack** and **Pvt. Jimmy Bivins,** a couple of duration boxing champions, are sweating out CDDs—old knee injuries. . . . **Lt. Col. Red Friesel,** fifth-down referee of the historic Cornell-Dartmouth game, is stationed in Washington. . . . **Maj. Johnny Pingel,** Michigan State's All-American back of '38, is commanding an infantry battalion on the Western Front.

Killed in action: **Cpl. Nick Basca,** one-time Villanova and Philadelphia Eagles football ace, in France; **Capt. Red Maddox,** guard on Georgia's famous sophomore team of '29, in France. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. (jg) Dave Breden,** star guard on Marquette's 1937-39 teams, with the Air Medal for sinking two Japanese ships in the Solomons area. . . . *Commissioned:* **O/C Ralph Metcalfe,** former Olympic sprinter, as a second lieutenant in the Transportation Corps; **O/C Al Blozis,** all-pro league tackle of the New York Giants, as a second lieutenant in the infantry. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Col. Earl Blaik,** head Army football coach, to colonel; **Maj. Andy Gustafson,** Army backfield coach, to lieutenant colonel.

THREE OF KIND. This little huddle features three flying members of the mighty Randolph Field football team. Left to right: Lt. Pete Layden, fullback; Lt. Jack Freeman, guard; Capt. Orbin Hanis, scout.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

1945

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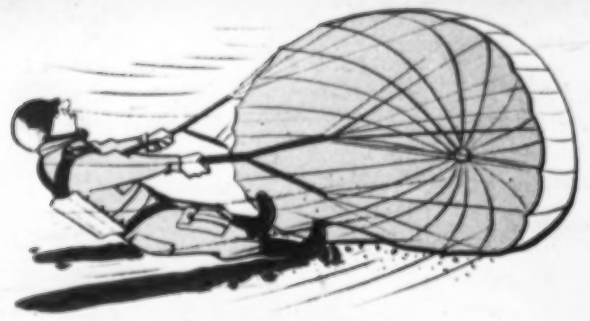

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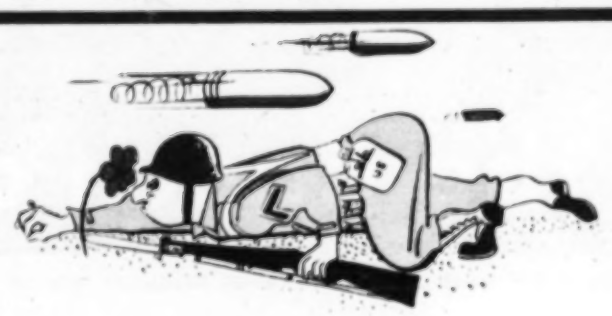

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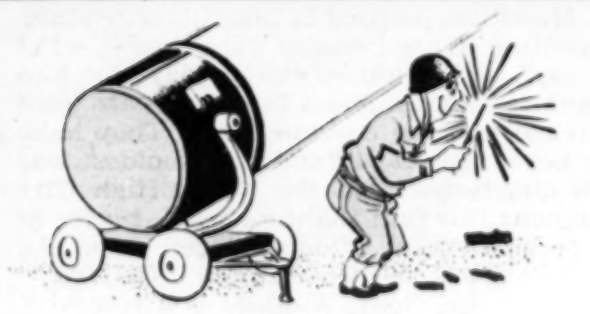

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